Tumblr Hannigram Fics

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Tumblr Hannigram Fics

by UnknownMusing

Summary

Different Hannigram Stories that One has written on Tumblr. And credit to @brokenfannibal who made the title pic for the first story in this collection.

"Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" Moodboard

Chapter Summary

Fic is going to a re-edit and will be split into parts so to make it easier to read.

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"Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" - PART 1

The cocoon shaped egg, large and laying near a deep dark pool surrounded by thousands of pearls embedded into the seaweed covered rock, pulsates like it is living as the thing inside shifts then claws - wicked and sharp looking - rip it apart, followed by mass of tentacles spilling out as the body of young man with blonde hair with silvery highlights slithers out onto rock then lifting his head Hannibal, gives a laboured gasp.

Something had woken him. But what? Or who had done it?

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12 MONTHS LATER

Hannibal's P.O.V:

"Person suit" that is what Bedelia de Maurier calls it, while I stand watching from the large ornate windows as the sun sets over the city of Florence, Italy and bringing up the glass of ruby wine to my lips to take a sip of it.

I felt, trapped within it and would rather been in my own natural skin being the last of the *Brood Queens* from a far distant galaxy – now destroyed, after the Sun's surrounding my home-world had imploded on themselves and caused *Dark Star's* to form – called *Caluthia.*

I had been just a child, cocooned in an egg that had been encased in meteorite that had soon hurtled it's way to Earth and crashed into the sea, where the egg I had been born in was forced into a large sea-cave, below an eroding bluff then for remainder of my life had waited until the time was right to come out.

But, something had gotten in the way and woken me far early than it was for my kind to be ready to come out of the cocoon egg and brought me here to Florence, where Bedelia had told me that it was because my body had sensed my *Mate* had called to me then deciding I need something to do, place the glass down on the windowsill.

I head into the large bedroom, going over to the wardrobe and get out fresh clothes – simple, plain ones a leather jacket; faded jeans and a long black long-sleeved t-shirt – then begin to take off the suit, which I'm wearing.

The night- lights of Florence, Italy shine about here and there in the city like tiny pinpricks in the far distance as I weave the motorbike through the night-traffic, heading to the large Opera House – which was hosting a large party and thankfully I had been invited – then suddenly, must pull over and stall the bike, when pain ripples across my abdomen.

I remember Bedelia had told me, that usually showed sighs for I was close to coming into *Heat* and I was ready to be *Breed* then breathing slowly in and out, manage to calm my hearts – being born

with two hearts for my species, meant you were part of the *Royal Line.*

Though, I was the last of my *Species* – as I had said before – and so also, the last of the *Royal Line of Caluthia.*

I sidle the motorbike back out of the parking space, going to drive when the hairs of the back of neck stand and my back straightens as I sense I'm being watched, making me turn my head – glad for the black helmet – seeing it is one of the traffic cams watching me intensely like the people behind it were trying to figure out what I was doing then sidling the motorbike out of the parking space, I continue to my destination.

By the time, I arrive and pull up in front of the ornate steps leading to the double doors – some people are still arriving – so switch the engine off, allowing for it cool down then taking the helmet off slowly as not to muss my hair, unsaddle the bike and place it in the compartment under the seat – so there was less chance of it getting stolen – and take my keys with me, slipping into the pocket of my leather jacket.

I soon head up the steps, going through the double doors and into the foyer, where another set of double doors lead to the dining hall – all already filled with a multitude of people Italian; French; German and some Americans – as I step inside, calmly taking one of the champagne flutes from a waiter's tray and begin to walk silently among them.

Years of training on how to hunt my *Prey* had taught me how to be silent, that not even my footfalls made a sound; no breath could be heard and the fact that when I killed both my heart's rates never went up.

Smells of woman's cheap perfume - *Clair De Lune* - masking their natural scent; Men's aftershave or cologne – *Hugo Boss* and a surprising one *Lynx* then coming to relative spot, where I can see everyone and everything in all the room, just go to take a sip of the Pink champagne when a scent – an intoxicating scent – fills my nostrils.

It is sweet – like some peaches, mixed strangely with caramel – and when they finally reach me, keep my face lowered acting almost shy then they speak with such a voice it washes over me, sending an ache forming within my womb and lifting my face, look straight at them.

"I haven't seen you before. But I heard of you. Your Dr. Fell of the Palazzo Museum, aren't you?"

I don't speak at first, because I'm can feel the call their sending out to me, filling me and quickly move away, indicating to them that we should talk outside on the balcony.

"Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" - PART 2

Hannibal's P.O.V:

The glass of Pink champagne, rests on the balustrade and not finished, due to the fact I'm pinned against the wall covered with ivy and next to hollowed out statue, while my hands are pinned above my head by my wrists as this unknown man – because I didn't know his name.

They soon bend their head down to my neck, making me tilt my head backwards to expose it more and one of their hands holding my leg up around their waist, caressing up and down it softly.

The urge to bite into the flesh of their neck, rip it apart and feast on their dying, spasming body so tempting that I feel my fangs forming starting to drip with the poison then lowering my head back down, place them softly against the pulsating vein in their neck and soon, bite down silencing their cry of shock by injecting my poison into their bloodstream.

I would have gotten to feed, if it hadn't been for voices asking where they were as I quickly let go of his neck and sucking out the poison, allow him to slump to one side like they had just too drink then stepping over their body, sort myself and head back inside like nothing had been happening at all

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The Party, now finished I head down the stone steps and over to my motorbike – resisting the urge to snarl at the parking ticket, which stated you can only park here if you had booked between these times, when…for fucking sakes it was about 9:48pm and people didn't really book spaces for events like this – then after getting my helmet out, straddle the bike and switch the engine on.

It's just when I'm about to put the helmet on, that a presence standing next to me makes me turn my head only to see a chest at first because I'm sitting on my bike and lift my gaze up, only to be punched straight in the nose which sort force it sends my head whipping backwards and find myself falling off the seat.

I land on the cobbled stones, followed by stream of my lilac blood – the light shade of it – streaming down from my nose and hands grab hold of me, hauling me upwards as two other men hold my arms back, followed soon by massive clenched fist hitting me straight in the abdomen with such force it nearly knocks the breath out of both my lungs, followed by blood splattering out of my mouth and a hand, grabs hold of my chin.

It is forced upwards, with nails digging into my cheeks drawing blood and the scent of my Home-world main enemies – *Ravarians,* savage creatures that looked like Hammerhead sharks and yet, walked on all fours when on land and have large fins for when in the water like a hyena or Jackal – then drag me away, over to a black van and fling me inside.

Large hands pin me down to the van floor, followed my thrashing and trying to get out from under their grip, followed by hissing loudly at them with poison dripping from them as the urge to just tear; claw and rip asunder raises within me.

"Hmm, feisty wee *Caluthian* ain't you. Though perfect for breeding, isn't he, Lads?" The Boss of Pack says, making me snarl at him as large clawed hand strokes my ass-cheeks in mocking caress

and try to lunge at him, shifting to my natural form with the fabric ripping as tentacles spread outwards – pulsating and throbbing with energy to just grab; throw and rip apart the *Ravarians* – then lunge at the main one – the biggest one – which makes him chuckle, when I do so and slams me down so hard by the back of my head it causes a keening cry to come from.

They laugh at my pain, followed by the larger one – the Leader – holding my head down, with my face turned to one side, while I shudder at the feeling of multiple hands touching my bare skin then I'm flipped onto my back, the mass of tentacles that cover my slit to my womb pulled away from it and the larger of all of them, clambers and gets over me.

They have though just made a mistake in doing that.

Blood, it covers everything including the van walls; ceiling and floor, while the ripped apart bodies of the Ravarians are laying around me as I rest against the van's wall, my blood-lust and rage sated for now back in my *Person suit*

I'm covered in their blood, crimson petals blooming on my pale skin then the doors slam open to reveal the French S.W.A.T and police.

"HANDS UP AND BEHIND YOUR HEAD!!! DETECTIVE PAZZI, WE GOT A LIVE ONE HERE!!!"

This calls the attention of a man, with a black hat sloped to one side on his head and wearing a long brown coat, who comes up to the van then looks at the dead bodies lying around me, while I play the role of the victim – trembling and cowering against the wall, while wrapping my arms around myself as I allow fake convincing whimpers to escape.

Nothing is said to me, just ambulance crew helping me and sitting me on the bed in the ambulance – while wiping the blood off with alcoholic wipes – then indicate I should lay down, which I do so and feeling tired close my eyes as I calmly fall asleep sated after killing.

There of course be no doubt it wouldn't be the last and that is was only just the beginning of killing.

Because when a *Caluthian* got a thirst for spilling blood, they would continue like a *Berserker* on the battle-field, but deadlier because they were a silent predator.

The one that waited in the shadows and chased it's prey either through darkened alleyways or through the tall spindly trees of a large forest as other Predators have no idea.

But who really pays attention to the little Predator's anyway?

"Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" - PART 3

Will's P.O.V:

Blood.

I can feel it seeping through my coat, while I weakly stumble out of the alleyway onto the main street filling with people going about their everyday lives watching in horror and shock as I fall forwards, landing on my side with muffled thud.

Blood from the wound, begins to pool from underneath my body as I breathe labourly with each breath I take and at the sametime a strange scent fills my nostrils making me, wonder where it is coming from.

It smells like a mixture of *Deadly Nightshade, Roses and strangely, Passion fruit* then the hands of the person – who I can't see yet because my vision is fading in and out of focus – go over my neck, managing to stem the blood flow and making sure I don't bleed out as something else – a woman – peels back my coat and rips my shirt to reveal the shoulder wound.

A cry escapes me, when fingers press down and causing because of the pain tears to form in my eyes then hear an Ambulance pulling up, near the kerb of the pavement. I'm lifted, followed by being placed on the ambulance bed and a hand still holding the wound together on my neck wound – more like a ragged tear.

I try to keep my eyes open, only for my head to loll to one side as I sink into an unconscious state. Remembering nothing from thereafter, but that smell or more like scent.

A scent like a mixture of Deadly Nightshade, Roses and strangely, Passion fruit.

A scent that for some reason, I remember from somewhere…but where?

"Tell me about your Mother."

"That's got to be some lazy-ass of a question I…. hic…. Sorry, I don't usually drink this much wine. I'm more of whiskey person."

"It's perfectly alright. Let me make you something to eat."

"I don't know. Nobody though has made me dinner before and…. I really should be getting back home."

"Please, let me cook for you."

"Your persistent for…. How old are you by the way?"

"Hmm, I've just turned 21 tonight."

"Fuck…. Wow…I don't…. Happy Birthday."

"Thank you. Now, let me cook for you."

"Alright, stop getting your panties in a twist. I'll let you cook for me."

"Hmm, you are a funny man, Officer Graham. Though it makes…me wonder, how good are you in bed."

"Cough……Cheeky brat, go prepare what said you like to do or I'll would…spank your ass, if I weren't so drunk on your wine."

Laughter, followed by soft smile while maroon eyes consider sea blueish green eyes then footsteps heading into the kitchen.

That *memory* of that unknown young man, I had met in Florence, Italy during the time I was visiting my cousin – Anthony Dimmond – is what brings me around and just lay there, hands resting on my chest as I flutter my eyes open slowly to reveal that I'm in a Hospital room.

Bandages are wrapped around the wound on my neck and shoulder, while a heart monitor registers my pulse and IV line is attached to my wrist then the room door, opening makes me turn my face on the pillow to see an older man – wearing a crème checker-ed suit, with red shirt underneath and ornate styled tie with darkly coloured shaped ferns on it – with short blond hair, with silver highlights in it and over his arm a plain simple long coat.

The scent - *a mixture of Deadly Nightshade, Roses and strangely, Passion fruit* – seems to come from a dark black as midnight flower with petals that curve outwards that is in his handkerchief pocket of his suit then he closes the door quietly behind him.

"I see your awake, Mr. Will Graham."

The man says, making me think how the hell did he know my name and who the hell was he.

<u>Hannibal's P.O.V:</u>

Will Graham it seems doesn't like looking people in the eye and the way he had glared at me, told me he was wary of any newcomer that he met then go up to him, still smelling underneath the bandages – the poison that had been in his system but now left a smell lingering slightly – then placing my coat over to the chair, sit down and reach forwards for the them.

"Stop that. Your needing fresh bandages, plus a wash."

"Are you saying, "I stink" but in a polite way."

“Yes. Though you should really be grateful, I am the one who helped you in the street and stitched up both your wounds.”

“You stitched up my wounds. What happened to Dr. Falton? He usually does that kind of stuff in the operating theatre for…me as a favour for helping him move stuff when his Wife threw him out because she thought he was having an affair with another woman behind her back.”

“Retired last time, I heard and moved to Columbia. Not all of us, are pompous posh people by the way and I’m considered in between that kind of class.”

“I wasn’t saying you were.”

He goes silent, after saying those words and turns his face away to stare out of the window then after finishing wrapping the new waterproof bandages, lower my hands down to my lap and sit down in the chair near the Hospital bed.

"I...Fuck it...I just remember chasing after a suspect into that alleyway and next moment get stabbed with something....strange. It felt fucking painful, like a scorpion sting double up and all I could think....if I die here....will Anthony be able to take care of my dogs."

"Anthony?"

"My cousin. He's visiting from Florence, Italy. Told of me of weird...incident...where he met this someone and when he comes around a again....he is told he fainted on the balcony, after drinking to much. While it almost must been of one hell of a Lady, because she left a....distinct hickie...which he still can't get rid of even today."

My *Inner Monster* croons internally at this new information.

How ironic and interesting that his cousin still bared my puncture marks on his neck, while Will Graham hadn't even remember meeting when I had turned about 2100 years old or 21 in Human years then getting drunk on my Florence Apartment Sofa.

Sadly, no *Mating Ritual* had happened at the time and my *Heat* had diminished like a moth to a flame before I could even have what I had wanted so badly that fateful night of meeting him.

I would have to hunt to*"Hey, Will....over here."*night, sate some *Blood-lust r*ising in my veins and gorge afterwards then sleep cocooned in the makeshift *Nest* while thinking how to entice Will Graham to be with me.

To be my *Mate* and my *Equal.*

<u>Will's P.O.V:</u>

Zeller and Price in their element are in the Lab, when I came into the F.B.I Headqaurters and before I can protest I'm dragged in by appearing Beverly, over to them then all start asking me questions.

"*So, spill it. What happened?"*

"Any pain?"

I rub the back of my neck, remembering that I have to take the painkillers that Dr. Hannibal Lecter had prescribed for me and that they were in my pocket, so would have to take some tonight.

"Chasing a suspect in alleyway. Stabbed in the shoulder and got my neck. New surgeon stitched it them up."

"Oh yeah, I heard of him...Dr. Hannibal Lecter. He's from...what was the name of the place he came from?"

I don't expect the answer to come from the man himself, making me turn my face to look at him over my shoulder seeing he is standing near the doorway to the Lab.

The scent again - *a mixture of Deadly Nightshade, Roses and strangely, Passion fruit* - wafts up my nostrils, making me wonder did he wear some kind of special aftershave.

"Lithuania, Mr. Zeller." Dr. Lecter says, stepping inside and looks at me, giving a soft smile as I lower my face to just not look at him then Beverly, who has come back through to the Lab with some coffee cups hands me mine.

I go to take it, when pain shoots through my shoulder. It soon slips out of my hand falling to the floor to splash onto his expensive loafers, while placing my hand to my own shoulder then look around for a box of tissues or something.

"Jeez, Sorry....just...slipped out of my hand. I...Price, do we have some tissues or a cloth I can borrow?"

It becomes a slight scramble with the other's looking for what I've asked for with him watching amused at the sight and flicks his gaze to me, noticing how I have one hand near my pocket, where the pills are then steps closer, indicating to check my shoulder.

He places a hand on it, touching where it hurts and pulling his hand back gives a small *"Hmm"* at it then politely declines the cloth from Price, who gives *Okay* in reply and heads off with the three of them leaving me alone with the Surgeon.

I sit down on one of stools crossing my arms over myself trying to think of what to say to the older man with slicked blonde hair with silver highlights and maroon eyes - which I swear can see right into my soul - then my phone vibrating makes me sigh softly.

"Excuse me."

I get it out, moving away from him and seeing the number see it is my cousin - Anthony Dimmond - calling me, so answer him.

"I heard you were involved in a stabbing. Is everything, okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Got stitched up by a new Surgeon - Dr. Lecter - and....back at work."

"Good to know your alright.

"Where are you?"

"Still in Florence. I'll be over for Christmas, so don't worry about me."

"Alright. Talk you sometime."

"Sure, Will. You take care, now."

"Will do, Cus."

Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" - PART 4

Hannibal's P.O.V:

The subdued *Prey* or *Rabbit* is weak and vulnerable, trembling with fear rolling of from them in waves then lunge, silencing their cry immediately as I tear into the meaty flesh of their throat with my fangs, filling a gush of blood run down my throat then begin to feed, pinning their body down onto the forest floor. I tear a piece of the flesh off, chewing softly and yet, deep down it does not sate the hunger within me then breaking the rib-cage, take the heart out to place in the cooler along with the other organs I need for a Dinner Party.

I'm still needing something. Something else, rather then gorging myself on a body filled with rich blood and getting up, wipe my bloodied mouth with the back of my hand then picking wrecked body, haul it to where it will be displayed for Jack Crawford of the F.B.I Behavioural and Science Unit then the memory of Will Graham, flashes before my eyes making tilt the chin up of the deceased *Prey* to look at the face.

It seems I had found some use for them, after all.

Afterwards, now in my own kitchen with Vivaldi Four Seasons playing on in the background, I calmly place one of many heart's from a previous Hunt on the chopping board then taking the knife out of the rack, look quietly before I slice into the thick muscle side of the heart at my reflection, cursing softly when I notice the change in my eyes. I lower it down, placing both hands on the polished surface of the counter and take a deep breath.

I was going into *Heat* after all this time....ever since I had come here and it was all because of Will Graham - meeting him again - then a jolt down below, makes me gasp softly followed by moving one hand to cup myself through my suit trousers, feeling the wetness of my slick already seeping through the fabric indicating that soon a full blown *Heat* would ravage it's way through my system, leaving me a physically and emotionally wrecked during and after it.

The thought of Will Graham, turns into more as I place the heart back in the chiller and head out the kitchen, heading upstairs then reaching the bedroom, step inside closing the door behind me and have to lean it against it for support, when another wave of burning, wicked tongue of flames surges through me then tilting my head backwards, slip my hand back down to unbuckle my belt, followed by slowly pulling the zip down and sliding back up reach deeply into the recesses of my mind to establish the connection that been made between me and him, when we had first shook hands.

He is asleep. So, taking a deep breath plunge slowly into the liquid blackness of the waters of his *Mind Palace,* where I swim softly among ruins, which remind of the underwater city part of Florence, Italy and come to place filled with multitude of red waxed candles in tall black ornate holders then come to where he is resting, seeing he is laying on a island of bare rock jutting out of the water.

It is quiet in the place. No sounds of anything, just the water plipping, when I raise out of it and slithering over to him then hands reach out for me whether unconsciously or consciously I don't know then the back of my head is taken hold of by him at the sometime I gasp shakily followed by feeling him become fully sheathed inside me.

He starts to move, undulating his hips up and down, making me wrap my tentacles around him for support, starting to gasp; whimper; keen and moan heavily at each thrust; each slide of his...cock going deep inside me then he pulls my head down in for kiss, which soon becomes more heated up as our tongues soon entwine in harmony inside and outside our mouths.

Saliva that has formed, begins to trickle down the side of our mouth's or become exchanged then he lays me down, the scene changing to bed of fine rose petals of various shades floating on top of shallow pool and pulls up slightly to look down at me, bringing his hand up to stroke a strand of hair from my forehead that has fallen in front of my eyes then tucks it behind my ear.

"This is just a Dream, right?"

"Yes. Just a Dream, Will. Just a Dream."

I tell him a Lie. A Lie to cover the Truth from him, while bringing my hands up to pull back down and allow myself to succumb to the warmness of the pleasure he is giving me.

The problem was...I know knew...this wasn't a Dream. It was happening for real, but how....I do not yet know the answer to that.

"Hannibal, what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Bedelia Du Maurier - an old friend and the only Human, who knows what I truly am - says, stepping to one side to allow me inside her office, with the large windows and the plain white chairs then closes the door behind her.

She is watching me, while I can detect hints of a perfume called *"Obsession"* on her skin and going up to her, take hold of both of her arms then leaning forwards, inhale deeply with my tongue coming out to lick up the column of her pale, white throat tasting the sweat of Fear that has started to form and feeling the pulse of her jugular under it.

Then pulling back, lick my lips as she quickly composes herself, heading over to the Drink's Cabinet and opening it gets out to wine glasses, followed by a bottle of new wine called *"Orange Wine"* then I sit down in the chair, smoothing down my suit and she comes back over.

She opens the bottle herself, forcefully like she is thinking what it would be like to rip my head off and chuckle internally at this then she hands me a full glass of the wine, which I calmly take from her.

"I see you've changed your wine again. Was the other Wine not that good, Bedelia?"
She moves to her seat, sitting down and crossing immediately one leg over the other in certain way to reveal some of her leg hidden by the long cream coloured dress with a *"v"* neck then takes a sip of her own glass and lowers it down, holding the stem with one hand.

"It was tainted."

Is what she replies to me, avoiding answer the question at all and know why. She was afraid of me and what I could do, if she betrayed me by telling The Agency - run by the despicable Mason Verger, who was sadly one of my many Patients at my Office in the centre of Baltimore - that the last of the *Caluthian's* of the *Royal Line* and a *Brood Queen* was here living in Baltimore, Virginia.

"What have you been doing, Hannibal? What warrants this visit of your's? Come to check "your meat" is still edible"

I lower the glass, seeing how she is watching every move I make and resist the urge to form claws just to tear her upholstery up in front of her then place the glass down on the small table next to the chair, crossing one leg over the other.

"No, it's something else. You said to me, when I awoke...it was because my body sensed my Mate had called to me. I go to Florence and I think you remember what happened there."
"I had nothing to do with those *Brutes* at all. I don't why your *Heat* ended so shortly. Usually for your kind it lasts longer."

You may be thinking, I should of gotten rid of Bedelia, when I had younger and yet, I hadn't because of her connections to *The Agency* then remember last night, the *Mating Mind Ritual* which all *Caluthian's* went through to achieve a full connection with their *Mate* and Will, holding me afterwards when we had finished and saying to me *"What are you?"* and I had not answered, but pulled away from the *Mind Connection* to complement how to answer him next time - this time in person.

"Then maybe Dimmond, the young man...you set after me, wasn't the right one."

She physically jolts, almost dropping the half-filled glass onto the expensive carpet and looks at me, with widened eyes then goes to get out of the chair as I quickly lunge out of mine, pinning her to the seat with one clawed hand around her pale, white throat.

"If you kill me, Hannibal, they will notice my absence at the next meeting this Saturday. "

I lean in closer, staring deep into her eyes - only seeing a stony, cold gaze back at me - and hiss at her, baring my fangs slightly to remind her that the Promise she made me with when something had happened here in her office can easily be revoked then letting go of her throat, pull out of the seat hard and flush against me.

She shivers slightly, lips trembling and cupping her cheek, smash my lips into her's making her gasp as I give a slight dose of my poisen - which will keep her docile for while - then pulling away from her, let go of her so she collapses in the chair with a muffled thump.

I pick up the glass, finishing off the wine and placing it back down then sort my suit again, heading to the door when she suddenly whirls me around slamming me against it and looks up at me, glaring with anger.

"How dare you!!? After....all I done for you." She hisses, venomous and spitting like a cobra then grabbing hold of her, whirl around to place her facing the door.

I pin her body to it, bending down my head to her neck inhaling deeply a mixture of scents now - the perfume; the shampoo she uses and finally, what I had been expecting...the scent of arousal down below - then bringing my tongue out, lick a long stripe upwards and holding her chin with my other hand to tilt her head backwards so her throat is exposed more.

"This what you want, Bedelia, hmm. To lure me in....so, you can have me for yourself. Here's something you should know, I'm already taken."

I pull away from her, letting go of her chin and moving her out of the way then open the door, stepping out into the foyer as I slip my coat back on. I don't look back at all and head to the main door, satisfied for now at the answers she had given me.

"Dr. Lecter...there is someone waiting for you in your Office Foyer."

Mandie - my secretary - says, when I come in and points through, where looking through the open doorway to the foyer see sitting in one of the seats with his head in his hands is....Will Graham.

"Thank you, Mandie. Take a long break, you need one." I say, making her give a sigh of relief and grab her purse, going around the desk then for appreciation gives me a peck on the cheek, making me smile softly at it.

After she has left, I walk to the foyer and go to stand in front of Will, noticing how he is shivering slightly then reaching out with my hand, tilt his chin up so he looks up at me and reaching towards him, help him up as he falls into my chest with muffled thump.

"Will, look at me. I said look at me, please." I say, repeating the sentence as I lead him inside my office and closing the door behind me, lead him to the blue chaise lounge then help him sit down.

I slide my own coat off, placing it on the coat rack and taking hold of his, slide it off to place it next to mine then sitting down next to him, place the back of my hand to his forehead as well as smelling a new scent - a strange, sickly sweet scent like *Encephalitis* - and turning his face by his chin, look at his weakened state.

"Sorry, I....feel so weak and tired. I.....didn't get any sleep last night, I sleepwalked down the main road near my house and police found me then....today, I....felt like I was losing control."

"Will, tell me." I say, stroking a strand of hair from his forehead to gently tuck, behind his ear and he shudders.....while remembering it as images of the Crime Scene filter from his Mind to mine, because of the Mind Connection we share.

"A Totem pole made....of Human Bodies. Jack, as me to reconstruct the scene and I...got lost, finding myself...here...looking for you, when I opened my eyes again. What is happening to me!!?"

"Will, enough...*ENOUGH!!?*" I have to shout the word this time, when he starts to panic in front of me and manages to get out of my grip, standing up to walk around my Office room.

I get up myself from the chaise lounge and head over to him, which makes him walk backwards until his back hits the ladder near my bookshelf as he turns his face away from me, biting his bottom lip slightly then I step closer into his space, listening to his heart beating in his rib-cage; blood pumping in his veins and his breathing coming in and out in small gasps.

I bring one hand up, taking hold of the back of his head to entangle with his soft, curly hair and bend down my head to his neck, pulling his head backwards by his hair making him tense slightly - being new to the action - at it then inhale deeply, brushing my nose against my *Mate's* skin, crooning low enough so only he can hear it.

"Hannibal, wait.....What are you doing!!?.....Wait."

<u>Will's P.O.V:</u>

He pulls away from me, giving me space and letting go of the back of my head, while I try to comprehend what has just transpired then bringing my hands up, drag them down my face and hear him going over to the Drinks Cabinet.

I tilt my head backwards, leaning against the ladder still, gulping down heavily saliva that has built up in my mouth then he comes over handing me tumblr of brandy, which I take from him.

Taking a sip to calm my nerves, I move away from the ladder to go and sit down in one of the chair's then he comes around the back of the leather seat, placing both hands on my shoulders and begins to softly massage them, relieving the tension in them.

I place my glass down on the small table, next to the chair and just relax under his ministrations, laying my head back on the back of the chair then seeing how I calmed down, moves away to sit in the chair across from me.

"Tell me...what made you become a *Psychiatrist*, Hannibal?"
He takes a sip of his own drink, lowering it back down and looks at me as I wait for him to answer.

"Before I become a *Psychiatrist*, I was a Surgeon at John Hopkin's Hospital and....I killed someone. So, now instead I help lives, without using a scalpel to save them."

I get up, heading over to drink decanter where placing my glass down, I look at him over my shoulder and he gets up of his seat then comes over to me, placing both his hands on my arms. He leans close, looking into my eyes like he can see deep into my Soul and he bends down his head, catching my lips in a breathless kiss as I slip my eyes close.

The both of us kiss softly, moving our lips against each other and turning to face him, bring my hands up to rest on his chest then it start to becomes bolder, both of us changing position each time of our lips, while he flicks a tongue across my lips seeking permission to explore.

I open my mouth, feeling his tongue start to coax mine into doing the same to him, soon becoming entwined in a dance, while he takes hold of the back of my head with one hand sifting it through my hair.

I moan breathlessly in the kissing, followed by having to pull back to breathe and go in for another kiss, feeling like a *Lovestruck t*eenager almost as I do it then a knock on his office door, breaks the haze of pleasure were in and I hear his receptionist Mandi saying ″

See you next week, Dr. Lecter."

Then footsteps as she leaves the office and the building.

He pulls away from my lips, with strand of saliva still connecting them and see he is breathing heavily, with his chest rising and falling under his waistcoat then pulls me in for another kiss, devouring my lips like a starved man is when they have just found water.

He pushes me back, taking hold of my wrists and brings them up past my head, pinning them above it to the wall then moving away from my lips, bends his head down to my neck trailing his lips upwards making me tilt my head backwards with a breathless gasp coming from me.

And that is when his fangs sink deeply into the my neck, drawing blood and yet, deep down I know it is not to kill me - but to create a full Bond, between us - as it trickles down to the hollow of my throat then he pulls back, after licking the wound clean, with his tongue sealing it with his saliva.

"*Were conjoined now. Nothing can separate us, only Death or being killed by The Agency."*
"You promise, you'll tell me everything."

"I promise, Will. Because I always keep my promises."

Darkest Dreams of a Killer's Mind and Their Intentions" - PART 5

Chapter Notes

*gentle naming of cock or penis

Hannibal's P.O.V:

Snow has covered the garden outside the sitting room window in a thick blanket, while I sit at the Harpsichord busy forming a new composition for a full-on piece I'm writing then sorting the Music sheet, place my fingers on the keys.

I start to play, listening to it quietly with my eyes closed and allow it to the night, when Will had been sitting on the sofa in my Florence, Apartment watching me play on the piano then the doorbell ringing, interrupts the memory causing it to fade away as I sigh softly.

I head out of the sitting room, heading to the front door and stop, when a noise comes from the kitchen making me look back over my shoulder then turning I head to the kitchen, passing the cellar door in the stairs. I push the door open, stepping inside the darkened kitchen and hear movement again, close to the kitchen island then step forwards quietly, without making any sound.

I go around it and stop, staring down at a very familiar person, peeking her head around the corner of the kitchen island and decide it's time to get rid of a *Fox* in one's house.

"May I ask, what your doing in my home, Miss Lounds?"

The young woman, hearing my voice turns to look over her shoulder, seeing me standing there behind her with only the moonlight showing someone else was in the kitchen with her then runs out, stumbling in the thick snow as I calmly follow her.

She soon falls with muffled thump and stopping in front of her, pick her camera case then opening it, see some pictures have already been developed, so take them out and flick through them.

"This is very rude, Miss Lounds. Taking pictures of myself and a Client I know, without permission. What should we do about that?"

"I have a rig...owww...right to do that as a Journalist."

"Does breaking into my house, count as a right to get your New-story for Tattle-crime Website." I look at her, which makes her just turn her face away then continue. *"I don't think so. It is considered Breaking and Entering, without permission from the Owner."*

She manages to get up, trying to snatch the photographs from my hands and I hold them out of her reach then she glares at me, snatching back instead her camera case. She heads off, while I head back inside to the house, sliding close the glass doors that lead out onto the veranda and the garden.

It would be not until, she reached her own home that she would discover there was nothing her camera case - just an empty camera without any stock or the Memory card in it - while the photos, were not there, while I look through one by one as I stand in front of the fireplace.

The photos were of me and finally the last one - a photo of me and Will, during the Blood Bonding, so that me and him were Conjoined - then chuck into the fire, with the rest of them watching the edges start to smoulder slowly as it shrinks into tiny particles.

Will's P.O.V:

I hadn't really expected to see Hannibal again, after the events in his Office and yet, when I open the porch door to let the dogs out there is his car parked in front of my house, while he stands there holding some food containers in his hand.

It looks like he has made something for the both of us. I admire the sight of him, managing to come over to me and avoiding the dog's that are bounding around him then comes up the porch steps to stand in front of me.

"Hey." I say, smiling softly at him and he leans close to me, kissing me chastely on the lips then pulls back to look at me.

I blush softly, indicating for him to come in and opening the porch door, laugh suddenly at the dogs trying to get the food off him then stepping inside with him, soon feel his hands wrap around my waist and his lips start to kiss my neck - trailing up and down with a soft caress.

"Hannibal, if you keep doing that...my dogs are going to get the food you've made for us."

I say, making him lightly bite my ear-lobe and turning to face him, place my hands around his neck then sigh softly at him, while both of is stand in my sitting room with the dogs playing around us.

"Then go and set the table, before I change my mind and decide to ravage you." He says, making me blush more heavily at the husky quality of his voice when he says those words to me.

"Don't say things like that or I might drag you to the bedroom, Hannibal." I say, slipping a hand downwards to cup him hard through his fine suit trousers hearing him grunt slightly then pulling away from him, go to set the table.

The meal that Hannibal has made, tastes delicious with everything done perfectly, that I having to bite down the moans of pleasure at how good he is at cooking his meals then notice he is wanting to say something to me, making me place the glass of wine down on the table.

"What is it?" I ask him, seeing how is looking distantly into space with his finger circling the rim of the wine glass and placing my cutlery down, get out of my chair then heading around the dinner table, take hold of his hands and pull him out of the chair.

I pull him close to me into a hug, cradling the back of his head to push it down into the crook of my neck only for suddenly to pushed backwards with such force, I land on the bed with muffled thump - thankfully safely on it - then he clambers onto the bed, getting over me and stripping me off my clothes, until I'm fully naked.

A strange purring comes from him - like before when he inhaled my scent - at appreciation of my naked body and placing my hands on his chest start to slowly unbutton his shirt then slip it off his shoulders to reveal faded scars on his body from what I do not know.

He lifts me up, pulling me onto his lap and lifting me up, suddenly find myself gasping shakily when something covered in some kind of substance that secretes from it - which can only be his tentacles - slithers down my back, soon probing between my ass-cheeks spreading them wide apart then more tentacles wrap around me, cocooning me.

"Hannibal!!? Wait!!?" I gasp out, making him pull back from me slightly and look at me, seeing how I'm panicking slightly then begins to croon softly at me, making strange calmness soon wash over me and moan softly, feel my muscles relax with the tension in them slipping away like water trickling through a sieve or sand through a hand.

I lean backwards,looking down to watch slowly as his tentacles unfurl like petals opening up to reveal a gaping slit with a strange *jade stalk* * unsheathing itself then feeling strange and wanting to taste so badly the weeping pre-cum, dribbling down the side of it soon slides downwards until my ass is up in the air and my head between his mass of tentacles.

I lap upwards with my tongue, moaning more heavily as my cheeks flush crimson so heavily I can almost the feel the heat of it and coming up to the head of his cock, take it slowly into my mouth where I start to slowly bob my head up and down as I lick, suck and swirl my tongue around it.

It was possible that his cum, was like a *Aphrodisiac* to Human's and hence why I was acting like a wanton slut or bitch in heat then pull off it, turning to look over my shoulder soon arching my back slightly moaning his name when he slides some of his tentacles inside me and starts to slide them in and out at certain pace. I spread my thighs more wider apart, moaning; whimpering and gasping that it starts to fill the silence of the sitting room/ dining area lifting my head to look at him, seeing how he is admiring every reaction I make.

"Uhhh....Ahhh!!!....Oh, oh, oh.....Please, Hannibal....*Breed me.*"I gasp out, using those words - that I don't know why I say them and have no time to figure out the answer - because soon he flips me onto my back, sliding his tentacles out after thoroughly stretching and scissoring my insides with them to lubricate me with the strange Aphrodisiac like substance that is also starting to trickle down the inside of my thighs.

He shoves forwards, slamming into me making me arch my back with hands shooting outwards to grip the duvet cover for support and starts to undulate his hips back and forth into mine, sliding his

cock in and out with each thrust at the sametime his tentacles wrap around my body - some going to my nipples and other's my cock, which is starting to leak profusely onto the duvet cover.

Hannibal, jolts my body back and forth, causing each time for me to give a keening wail of pleasure at the intense thrusts that send it running up my spine and make sparks explode inside my mind at the intensity - the closeness of being *Bred* by him. A particular part of my body hurts, needing him do something - my abdomen - and when he presses more into me, cry out for more, with tears blinding my vision.

Never has Sex for me, felt this powerful and raw as well so burning hot, it feels like wicked tongues of flame are licking my skin then when the pressure that had been building within me, finally hits me with such force, I scream heavily thrashing underneath him in the throes of it as my back arches with whiteness searing across my whole vision.

Blocking out every sound, except for the thudding of my heart against my ribcage and distantly feel a rush of burning, hot warmth that draws out another orgasm from me as I whimper at the overstimilution then collapse on the duvet cover on my back, allowing him to push back into me and holding him close to me, moan weakly in the crook of his neck.

As I succumb to what is happening to me. Succumb to the intense wave, where I afterwards I remember nothing from thereafter just his maroon eyes watching me lose control underneath him - a Human, losing himself to a *Creature* from another galaxy.

"Dr. Lecter, there is someone in the foyer from *The Agency,* who would like to talk to you. A Mr. Mason Verger."

Hannibal, lifts his head up from looking at Patient notes, seeing it is Mandie - and indicates for her to let the vile man - the main head of *The Agency,*in - then getting out of his desk chair, goes around clearing away stuff at the sametime knowing that Bedelia had just sighed her *Death Warrant i*f she had been the one to tell Mason, about their incident that had occurred in her office.

Mr. Mason Verger, comes in wearing a coat and gloves, soon closing the door behind himself then goes over sitting down in one of the chairs, staring straight at him, flicking his gaze up and down his body.

"No need to be edgy, Hannibal Lecter. I intend no harm, unless of course provoked by you. But, then....I heard some rather interesting information concerning you." Mason Verger says, making him stiffen and managing to compose himself, Hannibal goes over to the seat from across Mason Verger.

"And pray tell, what did it cost you to acquire this pertinent information, Mason?" Hannibal asks, only barely keeping the hiss from escaping that he was being threatened here and goes over to the chair across from the man.

He sits down, crossing one leg over the over and clasping his hands over his chest then the vile man, hums softly getting out a knife and unfolding it as he gets up, going around the chair.

Hannibal, finds himself flinching when the knife goes underneath his chin, pressing the crooked tip into his skin and drawing a bead of his liliac blood. A tiny flask is placed near to it and starts to collect the blood, followed by pressing in more deeply when he tries to get free with his hands shooting out to grip the armrests as other men of *The Agency* begin to appear.

This was to stop him from escaping, while taking a deep breath - both his hearts thudding against their ribcage - and wrenches free, severing his throat in the process to allow a gush of liliac blood to shoot up into the air then hears Mason, shouting making him bare his fangs hissing loudly when the Henchmen try to reach out for him.

They lunge at him. They had just made mistake in doing that.

Will's P.O.V:

"Prepare yourself, Will. What happened in Dr. Lecter's office is not what you think." Jack says, walking with me to what is now an active crime scene and nodding in reply, soon reach the office.

I reach the doorway, stepping inside to see only what could be described as complete carnage, with the chairs overturned; papers scattered about on the bloodstained floor and thick smell of spilled blood from the people, who had attacked Hannibal, who is busy behind the desk in the chair then lifts his head, giving a weak smile at me.

I head over to him, managing to avoid any *Crime Scene* evidence and he looks at me, seeing the slightly bruising on my cheek from being punched in the face - when *The Agency* lackies came round to my place - then speaks.

"I thought...you were dead." He says, voice weak and coming out laboured gasps, while I help him up then help him, walk out as he leans against me for support as I notice something laying on the floor, making me bend down to pick it up and quickly, pocket it as Jack comes up to us both.

"I'm going to take Hannibal to the Hospital, Jack. You'll be alright without me here?" I say, making him look at us both and indicates silently that the both of us can leave.

We never go to the Hospital, instead go to his large Baltimore House as I slip my shoes off in the foyer - because he had a *feng shu* type of thing, where he prepared walking barefoot or wear socks while in the house - then help him upstairs to his large bedroom adjoined with the bathroom.

He slips away from me, while I sit on the edge of the bed watching him quietly get out an old medical kit from his days as working as a surgeon and place it on the bathroom counter near the sink then opening it, unbuttons his shirt slipping it off so it falls to the bathroom floor.

Bruises cover his body, purple and yellow with them starting to fade right before my eyes as he rubs a strange substance from a jar on them and going to his neck, looks over to me inhaling deeply as he notices how I'm resting a hand on my abdomen.

Ever since we had done it, I wanted so badly to give him what he wants - a *Brood,* a family of little one's we can share together - and he comes out the bathroom, coming over to me then places a hand on my chest, slipping it downwards to where my hand rests.

"Hannibal, I....want to give you...a family." I gasp out, feeling him immediately pull me into a breathless kiss and kiss him back, starting to moan breathlessly - cheeks heating up, followed by the clink of my belt buckle being undone, button undone and zip pulled down.

He slips his hand into my boxers, cupping me and that is when I feel the difference - instead of my normal sex, a strange slit has formed overnight and is gushing with dew - and pull back to look at him for explanation.

"Your body has already prepared itself for me. Because my blood is flowing through your veins because of our *Blood Bond*, this is why. Ahhh...Will, come here." He replies, starting to strip me as I do the same to him and finally when were both naked pushes me further back so he can crawl between my thighs.

Feeling aroused so much, I slip a hand down between my thighs brushing one fingertip against the gushing slit with the dew that is running down the inside of them and tingles run upwards, while he watches then heart thudding against my ribcage, push it inside with a breathless gasp and start to slide it in and out, laying my head to one side moaning heavily as I roll onto my back lifting my ass into the air.

I spread my legs wide apart, rocking into my own hand and when his covers mine, with his finger slipping alongside mine give a soft moan of his name then I'm pulled up, flush against his chest - my back to it - and bringing my hand up take hold of the back of his head, sifting it through his hair gasping and moaning, while our fingers move in tandem within the gushing slit.

We kiss again, tongues entwining inside and outside our mouth's saliva trickling down the side of both our mouth's and letting to breathe, allow him to push me down getting over me - mounting me, with a soft grunt as he slips into the gushing slit from behind - then begins to move, placing one hand on my back and the other holding my hips as he undulates his hips back and forth into mine.

He is going slowly and gently, making me lift my head up to see reflected in a mirror near the wardrobe, him behind me and just the sight, makes me move my hips back and forth in sync with his because it feels so then he stills, twisting me to lay me on my back and resumes making love to me. I bring my hands up, taking hold of both his shoulders and wrapping my legs around his waist, feel my eyes flutter close at wave after wave of sensations of pleasure go through me then he lifts me up into his lap.

I look down at him, going to say something when my phone interrupts the quiet bliss were sharing, making me curse heavily then slipping off him, get off the bed and go over to it seeing it is Alana, calling me making me sigh softly as my thumb hovers over the answer button.

It cuts off from the other end, making me place it down on the windowsill and when he comes over, feel him wrap his arms around me holding me close to him then turn my face to look at him.

"They'll say were having an affair of some kind." I say, making him rest his chin on my shoulder.

"It's more intimate than that. Were conjoined." He says, while outside the sky has turned into *"Shepherd's Delight"* with soft tones of sweet gold, fuchsia pink and marigold orange.

I place my hand over his, clasping it gently and allow him to turn me fully so I face him them leads me back over to the bed, pulling me down into the soft mound of the duvet cover with him then bends his head down, sealing our lips together into a gentle kiss full of *Love* for eachother.

Hannibal Fanstory: "Need You Like Oxygen in my Veins"

Chapter Summary

- Inspired a pic on Tumblr of Hannibal looking at the Case File Photos, while Will watches him.

- Beginning bit courtesy of Purplesocrates

He had avoided going to his appointment because he knew his feelings were getting out of his control.

Now Hannibal is here.

He drove all this way to find him. It must mean something.

Will watches as Hannibal's eyes scan the photos. He can't help but stand close to him. Trying to see what he sees.

Wishing he would just turn his face a fraction and see the need in Will's eyes…..

"I didn't think you were coming."

He says, noticing how the older man is looking at one of the photos - a photo from old case of *"The Wound Man"* that been before he known about *"The Chesapeake Ripper"* **-** with some kind of reverence like he knew who the victim had been then slips closer to the man, sliding his hand softly over to brush his fingertips over the back of the man's hand as this makes Hannibal, turn his face to look at him.

"What is it, Will? What do you want?"

It is the way the man says it, that he pulls away and begins to clear away the photos placing them back in the Case file, feeling almost angry at the way the man had said - like he almost didn't care about him - then goes to leave, when suddenly he is whirled around by Hannibal.

He goes to say something, only to be walked backwards until his back hits the wall and looking up into maroon eyes feels his heart skip a beat then lips brush against his to test his reaction.

This makes him tense slightly at it, while hands hold his arms and when the Hannibal, pulls back he.....whimpers like an animal calling for it's Mate....in such a way, it makes the older man lean

forwards again to brush his lips against his. Will, can feel his lips quivering and his heart thudding against his ribcage - like it was threatening to escape from it - then plucking up some courage, kisses back softly and attentively.

He was new to kissing. Having never been kissed in his life by any woman he tried to go out with during his younger years when he had been 23 years old - now he was 35 years old and in his own office being softly kissed by the one man who he wants so much it makes his chest ache.

They kiss slowly, lips moving against each-other's and changing postion each time, while breathing softly through their nostrils - not heavily because it wasn't *"French Kissing"* yet - then the older man pulls back, disconnecting their lips to look at him.

"Is this what your trying to tell me, Will. That you wish for us to become more than friends."

"Yes."

He says, voice so quiet and soft-sounding that he is kissed gently again, with a hand cradling the back of his head - sifting calmly through his hair then voices in the corridor, make him pull away and sort himself.

For the both of them....it was nice beginning and Will, hopes it will stay that way.

It is bath-night for the pups, while Will herds the younger ones - three of them Ruvin; Coca and Daphane - into the bathroom, while the older ones - four of them Buster; Winston; Miako and Lady - watch from their beds then he manages to get them washed one by one of the filth; grime and dust of playing in the snow outside in the woods.

Ruvin, it seems has been rolling about where a skunk had been napping in the grass again - which is one thing some people do and don't understand - then managing to get all three of them washed; towelled and dried he allows them to head to their allocated beds.

He yawns himself, stretching his arms above his head and hearing the cracking of his air popping through his bones then lowering them back down, prepares for bed shrugging off his day clothes into simple sleepwear - which really was just grey t-shirt and blue faded boxers.

It makes him wonder what did Hannibal, wear when he went to bed - did he wear silk pyjamas that caressed his skin or was he one who preferred sleeping in the nude.

It was probably in the nude, more comfort that way and he smiles softly at the image of Hannibal, sleeping in his large bed in his Baltimore Home with nothing on then pulling back the cover of his own bed, slips into it and lays his head down on the pillow.

Tomorrow the sheets would need changing, along with their bedding and pillow cases and dogs fed and walked, followed by heading to lecture the F.B.I trainee's - the next generation - then pulls the cover up around him.

It is in the middle of the night, Will feels like little tongues of flame are caressing his body and rolling to lay on his back he thrashes his head from side to side on the pillow, while sweat forms on his skin at the sametime the shadows in his bedroom seem to lengthen.

Slipping and moving across the carpet and the walls, soon reaching the bed where a shadow appears at the foot of the bed rising up into the form of a ochre black creature with pale, milky eyes that are unseeing then it clambers onto the bed, while he continues to thrash his head side to side.

Will's eyes remain closed, while under his eyelids they dart back and forth then clawed hands pull the duvet cover away, exposing him and soon long tipped claw hands begin to steadily peel of his clothes then he is lifted up, pulled up into the lap of the otherworldly creature.

He is soon lowered down, with his back arching as he gives a soft cry out in such a way, with his eyes shooting open and his hands taking hold of the shoulders of the back of the otherworldly creature then it lays him down, getting over him and starting to move, leaving him no time to comprehend what is going on undulating it's hips back and forth into his.

All he can do is hold on, with his legs wrapped around the waist of the creature and hands holding it's shoulders as every thrust sends a spider-web of pleasure through his already heated up body then a hand comes up, taking hold of the back of his head and cradling it.

He turns his face, rubbing his nose against the cheek of the creature and inhales deeply the scent of *Deadly Nightshade; Lilly and Orchid* mixed all together then feeling bolder, manages to roll them so he can look down straight down...into the face of Hannibal.

Even though it is dream or more like "Erotic Dream" he starts to move his hips up and down, rolling them softly in a figure of eight wishing deep down that it was happening for real.

When Will, wakes up he turns his face on the pillow looking at the time on his digital clock seeing it is 6:04AM in the morning and a stickiness between his thighs, while he pulls his hand out of his cum-soaked boxers then lays there for wee while, knowing he couldn't deny it anymore.

Hannibal and him, were slowing falling in *Love* together.

Or was he falling in *Love* with Hannibal?

"So, what we got?"

"It's not the *Ripper*, Jack. It's someone else were looking for."

Will, looks at the body of the victim laying on the ground covered by the Autumn leaves of the Forest around as Jack, standing next to him sighs heavily like he had been so sure it was the *"Ripper"* then watches the man asks the rest of the gang to examine the body.

He looks at where the fishermen had found it and begins to walk towards the bridge, stopping below it and looks back at where the body is as Beverly comes up to him. She notices his gaze and looks up at the bridge then places a hand on his arm.

"What you thinking, Will?" She asks him, while he can hear Jack shouting something to Price and Zeller in the background.

"I think he was being chased up there and....seeing there was no-way out, due to the road being out of commission because of roadwork's, chose to jump."

"That would account for him, heading up where he did near the riverbank."

Beverly says, while they both know head back to where the cars are parked away from the Crime Scene then he stops, when he sees that standing behind the Crime Scene yellow tape is Hannibal, talking to Jack.

"What's he doing here?" Beverly asks, noticing where his gaze is looking and indicating by her words .....Why is Dr. Hannibal Lecter? ....at the Crime Scene.

"I don't know. Jack, may have called him in for favour or he saw something that might help as identify why this poor person was found here."

Will says, noticing how the older man has noticed them both looking across at him and saying something to Jack, Hannibal soon comes over to them at the sametime the dead body of the poor man in a black lined bag is wheeled past them.

"Will. Miss Katz." Hannibal says, addressing them both and stepping out the way to one side allow it past him, placing himself between Will and Beverly then Will, feels a hand on his back stabilising him as he notices Hannibal, is looking at something behind him.

"Tree stump, Will. Had you stepped backwards any further and you would tripped, sprained or broken your ankle."

The older man says, taking his hand off Will's back and Will, nods in reply still feeling the faint residual heat from the palm of the man's hand on his back even though he was wearing his winter coat and a scarf wrapped around his neck to keep warm then Beverly, is called over by Price and Zeller for something that they have just found.

"So, what brings you out here? Office getting to stuffy or Clients boring you with your life story." Will asks Hannibal, who chuckles lightly at this and turns to face him fully so they can talk face to face.

"If your referring to my Clients for my Practice, Will there is only one who bores me and that is poor Franklyn, who you've met before in the past. Kepted talking about cheese and other stuff that was irrelevant to what we needed to really discuss then thankfully Jack called and I quote "*I need to talk with you, but I'm at a crime scene so will you come down instead."* to me on the phone."

"And here I was thinking, you....wanted to just see little old me, because of it" Will says. quietly enough for Hannibal to hear him and decides to head to his car, closely followed by the older man then reaching it stills suddenly, seeing hidden - but not very well - a familiar shade of red hair.

"JACK, WE HAVE A FOX ON THE LOOSE."

Jack, who is busy talking to Price turns his gaze to where Will, is looking and grumbling heads towards Freddie Lounds who has stepped out of hiding place glaring at Will, who still stands near his car with Hannibal close by to him then starts to get into a heated argument with the large black man.

"Oh, not again. Heads or tails, Zeller? Jack wins it hands down and takes her camera - Tails or Heads - Freddie gets her photograph and we all see it tomorrow on Tattlecrime." Price says, while Will, gets into his car and notices Hannibal, is still standing there near his car.

"Do you need a lift? I don't see your car." He says, making Hannibal tear his gaze from the "*Fox"* as Will, had named her and turn his face to look at the young man.

"If you don't mind, Will." He replies, going around the car to the left hand side of the car and gets into the passenger side then closing the door, notices Miss Lounds has finished talking with Crawford and is busy heading back past the yellow crime scene tape, soon disappearing from sight.

The drive through the streets of Baltimore is quiet, with neither Hannibal or Will talking to each-other as one is still thinking about the Crime Scene and the other about the certain *"Fox"* and how they should be dealt with - delicately or subtly, or maybe even both - then Will, breaks the silence.

"I was wondering, would you like to come round to mine this Saturday night?"

Hannibal, tears his gaze away from the window to look at Will, surprised and also intrigued that the young man was wanting some company then just as Will, pulls into a parking space near his Practice gives his answer.

"You catch the fish and I cook it." He replies, going to get out the car, when a hand grabs his wrist stopping him from going any further and slowly, letting go of the handle turns slightly to see Will, is wanting to say something else only to change his mind instead.

Bringing his free hand up, he cups Will's cheek gently stroking the cheekbone with his thumb in soft caress leaning close to lightly kiss the young man on the lips then it becomes bolder, when Will, starts to kiss back desperately with soft, mewls escaping from him and pulling him closer to himself, Hannibal begins to devour those soft, kissable lips.

He changes position each-time, tasting every inch of Will's mouth until he has to pull back to breathe with his chest rising and falling heavily then rests his forehead against Will's.

"Mylimasis."

"Mylimasis.'

The word that Hannibal, had whispered to him in his car echoes and re-echoes while he walks the dogs among the skeletal trees that still have some leaves on them through the small forest that

surrounds his house that at night with all the lights on so it looks like a ship on a black, inky ocean.

It was his safe haven. The place where he felt at peace with his own family of seven dogs.

What had the word meant? What had Hannibal meant by it? It was one word, which had made him want to ask the older man what had it meant?

The intense, emotional kiss they had shared in his car had opened up something - like a flower spreading it petals outwards, one of those rare night flowers that flower only at a special time - and reaching the house, heads up the porch steps.

He stops on the porch, before he goes in looking back at the small forest that surrounds his home as some Eider geese fly overhead heading to their Winter migrating grounds in the Tundra of Antartica in the perfect formation of a "v" shape then Will, notices something among the trees making him wonder was it really there or was he imagining it.

Black feathers, lustrous and being ruffled slightly by a faint breeze, while the large Stag stands there watching him silently standing on his front porch huffing slowly with steam coming from it's nostrils then it turns heading back in the forest disappearing from his sight.

Hannibal, deosn't wince or even flinch as the tattooist of Japanese Tattooing does the intricate tattoo, that he had ordered to be done on his back as he lays on the bamboo mat with a towel wrapped around his lower half while the needle hits his skin each time.

It was the old fashioned type of Japanese Tattooing, only done by the old man - Noboki Kwyin Gisen - and he turns his face to look at some other intricate Japanese Tattoo Designs placed on the wall above a samurai sword - the sword belonged to Noboki Sama as he once been a Samurai in Japan before the turn of the century and had once served a Emperor - then he hears sigh coming from the old Japanese Samurai followed by the tattooing equipment being placed back on the tray.

"Hannibal-san, your masterpiece is finished."

"Arigato, Noboki Sama."

"The pleasure is all mine."

The strange creature - ochre black and swirling white eyes - is watching him, silently as Will lays sleeping calmly under the duvet cover on his side then the young man shifts in his sleep as the creature satisfied for now, sinks back into the darkness disappearing entirely.

Will's P.O.V:

"*So, what to we have, people?"*

"Covered in some kind of hard resin like surface, which seems very tough to crack.

"*There is also the sutures that have been done as well, like this person was sewed up to something or someone."*

"Anything else."

"Skin ripped down to three epidermel layers, very badly like they almost had to rip away from something or someone."

"Beverly, you get anything."

"Some corn seeds. Which might help narrow it down to where he come from and how he got where he was found."

Looking at the deceased victim on the cold metal slab, with the blue towel covering their lower half in the sterilised environment of the F.B.I Behavioural and Science Unit, I begin to wonder what would Hannibal think of this.

What would he say or even think if he were in my shoes seeing the body?

It's strange how close we had gotten, the kisses we had shared between each-other savouring the intimacy of slowly falling in...*Love.*

"Something amusing you, Will?" Jack says, soon interrupting the pleasant haze I'm in and see Price, Zeller and Beverly plus Jack are looking at me oddly probably wondering why I'm smiling for some reason.

"No, nothing is amusing me. It's irrelevant to this." I reply, making him give a small *"Hmm"* as he rises one of his eyebrow's and comes over to stand beside me.

"Your theory, Will. I need to know what you think." He says, implying to look and see how what happened was done by whom.

The other's knowing I need space, leave the large room leaving me soon alone with the corpse and taking a deep breath close my eyes. The golden pendulum swings once, twice and finally a third time coming to a halt as I'm dragged into the mind of the killer.

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3 DAYS EARLIER

A train carriage, with loads of people in it rocks to side to side as it travels to it's destination, while they seek what there looking for then find them. Soft, unblemished skin and smooth cocoa colour as they move forwards to be close, placing their hand over the hand of the intended *Prey.*

The *Prey*, flinches at it and takes their hand of the pole to place it to their side as the *Predator* says the words so only they can hear "*You have nice skin."* then the rest of the journey continues in silence, with them planning how they would fit in their expanding *Mural.*

Night-time. A car alarm forces the *Prey* to come out of their flat to see it is their car making the noise and head over when they notice a something hanging out of the boot - a clear piece of plastic tarpaulin, which they remember had not been there and shouldn't been there as they lean down to inspect it more.

Not sensing behind the *Predator* that has just snuck up behind them, until it is too late.

Something is clearly wrong, when the *Prey* wakes up with eyes shooting wide open to reveal a horrendous sight around them in a Human circle made up of other people - dead people with unseeing eyes staring at nothing - and beginning to panic, tries to pull their hand from their face first feeling intense pain - skin ripping apart.

Taking a deep breath, they manage to get it off crying in agony at the what they have done and heart pounding against their ribcage begin to pull away with three layers of skin ripping off of their shoulder when they finally manage to get free of the black thread stitches threaded into their fine skin.

Weakly, they get up holding their arms and manage to get over to the grain silo door - which on the outside a padlock has been placed on it, though it is not the best and soon the door bangs open as the *Prey* stumble out seeing they are in place they don't know where.

They keep on stumbling forwards, coming to dirt-track which leads to both of the large grain silos as headlights from a car pulling up illuminate them in stark contrast in the darkness. Fear rises intensely that they begin to run - anywhere - to be far away from the place they been brought and away from the person who had brought them here for unknown reason yet to be explained.

The *Predator*, is just in time when they get out of the car to see their escaped *Prey* run into the thicket of tall expanding corn - which bounces back in place - then grab the flash-light and hunting rifle from the back of the car.

The *Prey,* frightened with shivers going through their body and goosebumps rising on their arms because of the cold stumbles weakly through the tall stalks of corn trying in vain to keep themselves hidden from the person who is following them then listening they hear nothing, almost sighing in relief that they been undiscovered when suddenly light blinds their eyes.

They've been spotted.

The *Predator*, still carrying hunting rifle and flash-light follows the prey now through the woods to brick wall where beyond it was large drop down to the fast-flowing river and watches as the Prey, get up onto it then look back, followed by making a jump.

They rush up, seeing their *Prey* smash against rock lip and land in the water with splashing noise while blood glints in the flash-light's light showing as the body is soon dragged away by the current to further downstream where it would come to halt near some sluice gates until found by two fishermen.

The *Predator,* would now need a new piece...for his *Mural,* after losing such a fine one.

"Hmm, this is unexpected, Will."

"What? Me and you, laying here in your own bed after.....we..."

"We just made love."

"If you put it that way."

Hannibal, sifting his hand through Will's slightly damp curly hair lays on his back staring up at the ceiling of his own bedroom remembering how it had lead up to this. How it finally had lead up to becoming more intimate with the young man who he loved deeply.

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15 MINUTES EARLIER

Hannibal, is busy preparing *Baked Rice Cake with Lamb* - the *Lamb* of course of being something else entirely, a very rude one who bleated too much and so he had silenced them - in his kitchen, cutting the shoulder of the *Lamb* - while the lean boneless leg of it, can be used for later as there were enough ingredients - into small cubes, while leaving the saffron threads to infuse in two tablespoons of water.

It is quiet, except for the occasional cutting of the knife with his muscles flexing under his shirt as he calmly works with no disturbances then moving to the sauté pan, puts two tablespoons of oil in it, placing soon in the chopped up pieces of *Lamb* and the thin wedges of onions**.** Putting it onto a low heat, so the oil doesn't go up in flames.

Toaste Flambe, was something he would do another time when opportunity arose to it.

He seasons with some salt and stirs it regularly, until the meat has become tender enough to be allowed to left to cool as he moves onto mixing the yoghurt - fresh from the market store he always went to - and eggs in a large bowl.

After everything is done, cleared away and washed with the knife he was using placed back in the knife holder on the polished stone kitchen counter, he is busying drying his hands on clean kitchen towel when the front doorbell rings once - sharply.

He heads out the kitchen, heading to the front door and turning the key in the lock pulls the door open to reveal Will, standing there looking embarrassed and holding a bottle of wine in his hands, making him smile softly standing out the way to allow the young man to come in.

"Will, this is a pleasant surprise. I just made something to eat and it will be ready in few hours. May I?"

"I don't what wine you like, so I just picked one at random. Hope it's alright for the meal." Will says, handing over one of many *"Pinot Noir"* Collector's Wine's called *"Diablo's Kitsurugi"* - meaning *Devil's Gift of God* if people ever checked to see what the second word meant.

"It's perfect, Will. Thank you." Hannibal says, noticing the adorable blush that rises on the young man's cheeks at the praise and closing the front door, both of them head into the kitchen where the smell of food wafts out enticing them in to eat and savour the feast.

Will's P.O.V:

"Hannibal."

"How does it feel, Will? Being this close to me, without any constraints."

"Like....nothing I've ever felt before. Make....love to me, like you want to."

"I will."

Warm, naked body soon slides over my own as both of us now lay under dark blue, with golden ferns spreading on it silk covers folllowed by his hand clasping mine to interlace his fingers with mine then looking up into his maroon eyes see only love and adoration for me, followed by him pushing his hips forwards.

A hitched gasp echoes in the bedroom, while I arch my back slightly off the mattress with my mouth opening with my head tilting backwards soon moaning heavily at the feeling of him becoming slowly fully sheathed within me

"Oh....god!!!?....Oh, oh, oh....Hannibal!!!?"

He soon begins to undulate his hips back and forth spreading a intense feeling of pleasure that surges throughout my body with me wrapping my legs around his waist. Gasping and panting, with him burying his face into the crook of my neck as he rocks my body back and forth then bringing my hand up, cradle the back of his head to sift one hand through his blonde hair with silvery highlights as I take hold of his shoulder with the other.

Everything is dissolving, like water trickling through a sieve or sand through someone's fingers and laying my head to one side on one of the stark white pillow's then he rolls us both, causing me to sit up - straddling him.

Looking down at him.

His hands slip down my sides to hold my hips, massaging circles into them and licking my lips to wet, place my hands on his chest then slowly and gently, begin to undulate my hips and down - riding him in such a way it prolongs the pleasure.

Prolongs what is happening between us.

The morning sunlight is filtering through a gap in the large black curtain to soon shine down onto the bed, making me shift under the warm covers with a soft *"Hmm"* coming from the warm body next to mine then turning my face, look over my shoulder at Hannibal calmly sleeping with one of his hand's resting over my chest - right over where my heart lays.

He shifts against me, sensing I'm awake and fluttering his eyes open, bends his head down kissing me lightly on the lips. It soon becomes bolder with both of us moving our lips against each-other's feeling him move his hand on my chest to cup my cheek.

His thumb strokes my cheekbone, followed by letting go of my lips to rest his forehead against mine smiling softly at me and would have gone further if it hadn't been for the doorbell ringing.

He groans softly, pulling back from me and taking the warmth with him as I whimper in protest at this.

"Last time someone rang my doorbell this early, it was a census taker."

"Don't answer it then. Let them...leave us alone. Come back to bed."

Hannibal, mildly curses internally the person who has rung his doorbell at this time of the morning and going up to the front door, turns the key then opens it, only for it to be pushed wide open by Jack Crawford, who rudely to Hannibal's mind barges his way into his house.

"Sorry to barge in like this, Hannibal. But I need to discuss something with you, urgently. Are you alone?"

You did barge into my house. Your now asking me if I'm alone and you also want to discuss something, Jack? Should cook the part of you that makes you irritable and grouchy as hell.

"No, I'm not alone, Jack. I have some company and if you don't mind, couldn't this wait until later on in the day. It can't be that urgent, can it?"

"OF COURSE IT IS URGENT." the large black man shouts, causing Hannibal to resist the urge to get the man out of his house by bodily throwing him out, slamming the door shut and locking it firmly.

"Get out." Hannibal hears himself hissing, so devoid of emotion - that is more his *Chesapeake Ripper* voice - and glaring at the man at his his audacity to come into his house like this, it was the borderline of Rude. "Get out, before I do something I regret, Detective Crawford."

"Are you threatening me, Hannibal Lecter?" Jack Crawford says to him, stepping closer to him, so close it makes him move out the way heading to the stairs just as Will, wearing nothing but his

white shirt over him - four buttons undone, hair still ruffled from them both making ***Love*** last night and evident he wants Jack, out the house as well showing on his face.

"Will!!?"

"Jack, would you kindly leave, right now. I have something private, I would like to discuss with Hannibal myself and preferably without anyone barging in to interrupt it." Will says, waiting for Jack to leave like Hannibal is then seeing this ain't working says something.

Darling, cunning boy. You took the words right out of my mouth."

"I won't ask twice, Jack. Get out. Or would you prefer to stay and watch us?"

"Your sleeping with him!!!?"

A Wicked Game of I Don't want to Fall in Love with You

Chapter Summary

For my pals Purplesocrates, Hannibalsimago, Krey9J and all the other Fannibals who love Hannigram this another rare goodie.

Prologue - "there was only one bed"

It had been Jack's idea of course and one foolish, fucking one as Will Graham, with his arms crossed over his chest stares at the Motel bed of the Love-Crush Motel just near the Nevada Desert, with the endless sand-dunes; cactus and scorching heat then notices Hannibal, who is sitting in the chair near the window is staring at him with hands clasped together on his lap.

"It may not be his best idea to catch the Stalker who is escalating to becoming a fledgling killer. But it will suffice for now."

"Slight problem, Hannibal. There is only one bed and…well, we are two men. Problems…you know could arise."

"I trust you'll be able to control yourself in a situation like that."

"I wasn't…. uhhh, talking about the Nightmares, Hannibal."

The lukewarm water of the shower is thankfully comforting, making Hannibal tilt his head backwards while he tries not to think that…. soon he would be sharing a bed with Will, for the sake of the Murder case then…. stills, water trickling down his muscular chest like mini-waterfall.

He…. was aroused and…. gulping heavily with his own Adam's apple bobbing in his throat, slowly slides a hand downwards…shivering slightly at the touch then takes hold of his…throbbing, aching and already with pearl of pre-cum forming at the tip of his cock, begins to slide his hand and up down.

He begins to pant heavily, followed by small grunts escaping him and echoing in the small bathroom, while he feels glad there are no other people in the Motel Room next door or it would be embarrassing for him if the heard…. then begins to rock his hips back and forth into his own hand.

He tilts his head backwards, tongue flicking out to wet his lips again and stroking the tip of his…. cock, knowing it was too late to go back now. He had started…it and his own body, was going to finish it for him.

“Uhhh…. haaa…uhhh…. hmmm….uhhh!!”

Heavy moans begin to escape, coupled with wet, lewd sounds of him jerking to of an image which forms into the shape of Will, making him quickly bite his bottom lip to quell down what he wants to moan out so the man on the other side of the bathroom door can hear him.

He is close. So distantly close….to nearly screaming in pleasure and ecstasy.

Hannibal, trembles and arches his back with his fangs biting down to immediately draw blood, which lightly trickles down the side of his chin as the most, intense orgasm surges through his body making him…splatter cum straight onto the white tiled shower wall in thick, creamy ropes.

Staining it.

Will, shudders with a laboured gasp escaping him followed by trembling, though his own orgasm that had ravaged his body and made him bite down into a pillow to stop himself from screaming the other man’s name then hears the bathroom door opening, making him look over his shoulder to see Hannibal, standing there with a towel wrapped around his waist as his eyes follow a bead of water that travels downwards towards the “v” of the man’s hips.

Before he even thinks of what he is doing, Will, scrambles off the bed and goes over to the man, flicking his eyes up and down then lifting his face, surges forwards kissing Hannibal within the inch of his life.

It soon becomes dominating, tongues duelling like two fencers to see who will come out on top as saliva either trickles down the side of their lips or is exchanged followed by him lifting the man up to dash him against the Motel room wall knocking a picture off the wall in the process.

Clothes he is wearing are flung off and onto the carpet, followed by two white creamy towels then…a soft cry comes Hannibal, followed by his legs being spread wider apart held up in the crook of Will’s elbows as…after the younger man had lubed in self-up, with tube from his jean pocket…begins to in earnest, harshly pound into him.

Sliding…. his cock….in and out, making Hannibal grip one shoulder with his hand and the other the back of Will’s head, entangling with soft curly hair as his body is jolted up and down against the wall with such force…wails of pleasure; grunting and moans begin to fill the small Motel room.

“Ahhhh…...Will!!!…Oh. god…...Willl!!!”

Hannibal, succumbs and…falls into whirlwind of ecstasy and the embrace of the storm named… Will Graham.

Hannibal, is being overwhelmed while he now lays on the Motel bed with Will over him and still…. within him, moaning heavily at the feeling…of younger’s man cock sliding in and out of his quivering insides while up above a mirror in the ceiling shows their reflection’s.

The rippling muscles, covered in fine droplets of sweat that…makes him want to lick them up with his tongue; his legs wrapped around the man's waist with one in the crook of one of them and other around Will's waist and finally him gasping and moaning then…Will's phone on the bedside cabinet begins to vibrate.

"Leave….it."

He gasps out, making Will chuckle and suddenly begin to speed up his thrusts within him, making a wail come from him also because the younger man had bitten down into his neck, forming a Love-bite for all to see then really, begins to jolt his body up and down so intensely and better than any previous attempts that Hannibal, had tried to have makes him grip Will more tightly to him.

"I'm…..gonna…Will!!…I'm gonna….cum….I'm….gonna…cum!!"

"I know. Your clenching so tightly around my cock. Now…Cum for me, Hannibal. Cum for ***Daddy."***

As soon as that word is said, his back arches followed by the most explosive orgasm that hits his body and causes him to clench his thighs tightly around the younger man's waist with him wailing in the confined space of the Motel Room then begins to whimper in oversensitive pleasure, while Will continues to move within his body…basically fucking him through it.

It would be while later, that both would have recovered and sated themselves.

PART 1 – "It's strange what desire makes foolish people do"

Title from Wicked Game (feat. Annaca)

The Nevada Desert early morning sunlight, filters through a gap in in the faded Motel curtains – that if one looked closely had been eaten in some places by moths a long time ago – shining tiny shafts of light through the holes as well onto the two sleeping occupants of the Motel bed.

Hannibal, is the first one to flutter his eyes open and seeing Will, sleeping next to him suddenly shoots up with his realisation of what had transpired as it all comes flooding then bites his bottom lip again at the pain that shoots from his lower half, followed by something wet – Will's seed or cum – trickling down the inside of his thighs.

He…slips out of the bed, swinging his legs out to place his feet on the carpet and tries to calm his racing heart. It's the first time, his emotions are in disarray with the fact he lain with one of his own patients and…. enjoyed it, while his chest raises and falls then gets up, only to have his legs collapse from underneath him.

He lands on the carpet with muffled thump and knows it is because of what they had done so many times – about six times, before he begged Will to stop so Jack, when the man met them in the mid-afternoon, wouldn't get suspicious – then manages to sit back on the bed, hearing Will shifting in his sleep as he wakes up.

Neither of them speak. Because…really what was there to say "*Oh, sorry…for sleeping with you, even though my patient and I'm Psychiatrist"* and what comes out of his mouth, he feels his voice break in the process.

“This…. wasn’t meant to happen between us.”

“Are…you denying, what has transpired between us, last night?”

“I…...Will, you have to understand. I have a profession and…if anyone found my name and yours would be dragged through the mud. So, yes…...I’m denying it.”

(TIME SKIP)

Hannibal, is not his usual calm self as he places the duffle bag in the hired land rover boot then stiffens, when fingertips touch his back and slide downwards with someone – not Will – pressing themselves close to him, followed by it going between his legs from behind cupping him through his trousers.

He stays still, feeling the so said *“Stalker”* bend their head down to his neck, inhaling deeply with their own nostrils flaring and rub a fingertip in a certain way over the fabric of his trousers against the tip of his cock, it makes sway slightly against the larger body then lips come up to his ear.

“*You moaned rather prettily for your **“Daddy”** sweetie, last night. Such…sweet sounds, while he…. filled you. Did “**Daddy’s**” big, cock…feel good, hmm? I bet…you it did.”*

“Let…me…go. Or else.”

The large man, holding him chuckles lightly at this threat and gives his neck a kiss, followed by short lick then pulls away from giving one final caress before they do so then say words to him, only he can hear.

“Don’t worry, Hun. I assure you, I know who you are and what your hiding from your *“**Daddy”*** so…will meet again.”

By the time, he whirls around the *“Stalker”* is gone like a tumbleweed going across the desert floor and for the first time in his life, Hannibal Lecter is feeling like he has just met a far dangerous predator then himself and…. ***Afraid.***

(TIME SKIP)

Jack Crawford is waiting for them both outside the ***“La Macho Hombre”*** Café and doesn’t say anything about how drained Hannibal, looks as all three of them soon head into cool interior of the Café.

He follows them at a short distance and over to three seats in a booth in the far corner and yet, he doesn’t sit down just chooses to go up to the bar to order a drink for himself.

The Barkeeper, takes his order saying no words, just going off to get him it and standing there, he gets out the packet of cigarettes from his pocket. He had smoked before, a long time ago when staying while a teenager in Florence, Italy living one could say *“La Vida Loca”* and lights it, allowing for the smoke to drift up towards the ceiling as he sits down on the bar-stool right up against the wall.

He smokes quietly, soon lowering it down to take drink he has order that is handed and brings it up to his lips, taking a sip of then places it down when he notices from somewhere a scorpion has appeared and has decided to crawl onto the top of his hand.

The occupants have all gone quiet and are watching him silently, while he lifts his hand up, making the scorpion raise it's tail as he brings the drink close to his lips then finishes it off, surprising everyone including Will and Jack, when he knocks the scorpion off the back of his hand and covers it's body with the glass – trapping it – on the bar's surface.

"It seems Hombre, you don't' fear the Scorpion's sting."

"If it has nothing to fear from me than I have no fear of it."

He brings up the cigarette back up to lips, taking a long drag of it and blowing smoke upwards into the air, leaving the occupants to complement what he has just said.

(TIME SKIP)

"Why didn't you tell me, that the ***"Stalker"*** was in the area."

Will hisses at him, making him turn his face away from the dusty desert highway to look at the younger man, seeing the anger on his face then Hannibal, immediately pulls the land rover over into secluded spot so fast to avoid a large truck speeding down the dusty highway that it jerks both in their seats.

It slams him forwards, while concern makes him shoot out his hand quickly to grab the back of Will's head before it can snap backwards to hit the headrest and his own left cheek hits the Driver's steering wheel with such force it sends pain shooting through his face then his hand slips off, falling limply to his side.

Black flowers begin to blossom in front of his vision, followed by hands taking hold of him and pushing him back to check him then another car pulls up, followed by Will getting out of the car.

Muffled voices begin talking Will and someone else, while the driver's door is opened then a hand touches where the steering wheel had hit on his cheek and some light shines in his left pupil, followed by him soon sinking into an unconscious state.

PART 2 – Distracting Oneself to Forget what had Transpired with One's Patient

Author's note –Hint of involving Hannibal and female OC. And no, he doesn't kill the nurse

When Hannibal, comes around he lays there under the hospital sheet and listens quietly to the nurse going around the bed then fluttering his eyes open, turns it on the pillow seeing before his vision clears that his hands have been strapped to the bed rungs

He wonders what had prompted the hospital staff to do it and getting up, un-straps them then stands up, making the nurse try to scream for help only for him to grab her by the throat.

He leans close, bending down to her neck and inhales deeply her perfume, followed by soon pressing his lips against the fine skin trailing them up and down with soft caress then pulls back, moving his hand to take hold of the back of her head then places a free hand on her thigh, sliding it downwards and lifts her nurse's skirt to slip it upwards to her lace knickers, making her hand join his to stop him.

"I shouldn't really be doing this, Senor. I could get in trouble with my boss."

"Your Boss, doesn't have to know. Only and you, need to know."

She lean forwards, lips kissing his and sliding his hand to seam of the lace knickers, pulls them back then slips his hand inside to cup wet, moistness and flicking his eyes upwards pulls them down.

(TIME SKIP)

Sarina – as the nurse is called – gives him her phone number and a peck on the cheek before she leaves, soon leaving just as the door open as Will comes in then sees his slightly mussed hair; hints that something had transpired between him and the nurse then she is gone, leaving him alone with the man.

"Something to say, Will. Unlike you, I have a job to uphold in Baltimore and so, if you have anything to say…then say it."

"Was she good fuck?"

"Crude, Will. Very crude to say so, about a very good woman…...who to admit certainly didn't mind good company and so handed me her phone number, so we may resume such activities like *"fucking"* as you stated."

He slides the suit jacket back on, buttoning it up and heads out, when suddenly hands grab hold of him and whirl him around to slam him up against the wall as he stays still watching as blueish-green eyes stare into his with anger; jealousy and…. was it a hint of possivenesss he could see in them.

"Careful, Will. One more step in the direction, you're going and…you end up behind bars in Baltimore Prison for the Criminally Insane, again."

"Only because you put me there in the first place then afterwards, helped me and now you're using it as a threat to me."

Will hisses with such venom, that he smirks showing of his fangs and brings one hand up to stroke the younger man's cheek with the back of his knuckles in a one if they saw what they think a mocking caress then pulls him into harsh, brutal kiss as a…last farewell.

PART 3 – "You're the Phantom of my Pain and Love that I Hold Within my Breast"

Author's note – Apologises for slightly creepy Will in this, hanging about Hannibal's house to get his attention. Just before this goes on any further as a fic, there will be no murdering done to the child at all and the female OC that has appeared. I don't write fics that decide to kill children.

Also, Hannibal is vulnerable when it comes to the road scene in this part because of the injury he sustained during the near crash in the Nevada Desert that has managed to affect his left eye.

Side -note: Sorry to disappoint Fannibal's who wanted *"Daddy kink"* it was only for the beginning and is not continuing in the rest of this fic as it was only a tease to get you all feeling better. So, sorry about that editing room decision as one might say on the cutting room floor.

7 MOUTHS LATER

Hannibal, smiles softly as Sarina O'Cucci Lecter – his wife now – plays with their son Ronaldo in the large garden from the porch and goes down the steps, catching his son to lift him up in the air, with the little boy laughing as his Papa spins around and around.

"Easy, Hannibal, dear. You make yourself lightheaded at this rate."

He lowers the little boy, back down and kisses the top of his son's head then all three of them head inside for supper, while it is when he about to go and slide the porch door close that he senses – making him stiffen slightly – someone is watching him, making him look back to see close to the fence that encompassed his large Baltimore house – a familiar figure.

"SARINA, I WON'T BE A MINUTE. JUST NEED TO SORT SOMETHING OUTSIDE."

His wife, nods and ushers little Ronaldo away into the other part of the house, while he slides the porch door shut then fully turning around heads down the steps, past the roses and herb patch; a koi fish pond and finally comes up to the fence where Will, steps backwards as he pulls the rusty gate open slightly and steps out onto the back road to close it behind him.

"I believe…this is the first time, I see you actually to have the ability to settle down and have a family. Tell me, Hannibal, does your Wife know you're the ***Chesapeake Ripper*** or does you son, know where is daddy goes some nights."

"Jealousy is unbefitting of you, Will. That part of my life is over and hence, why dear Jack is for once enjoying being with his wife – Bella."

The younger man, goes up to him stepping close to him and goes to say something, when he flicks his gaze downwards making him frown then turns his face to see that Little Ronaldo has followed him.

Will, bends down making him watch the younger man, who begins to talk to his son and Hannibal, keeps his hand sifting through the little boy's hair to help calm him – because Ronaldo was still getting used to being introduced - then the little boy asks something, which makes his heart-rate speed up slightly.

"How do you know, my Papa?"

"Your Papa and I, used to work together. Didn't we, Hannibal?"

"Yes, but that was long time ago. Ronaldo…wait!!? Excuse me, Will…. he is very young and yet to understand this is a dangerous road."

He heads after his own son, who has spotted a rabbit and is trying to chase it, while he goes to pick up his own son then that is when it happens, while he picks up his son that the whiteness covers his left eye and blocks out everything, making it become muffled as his all body goes still in the middle of the road.

"HANNIBAL!!!?"

He hears – a woman – distantly screaming, making him turn and sees a faded vision of someone shouting his name and before he can ask *"What is wrong?"* someone bowls into him, knocking him

out of the way and into the grassy verge on the other side of the road as a red sports car goes speeding past, only to screech to a halt filling the air with the smell of burning rubber.

Noises return, sounding so loud to his ears that he blinks and manages to focus seeing Will, is looking at him with variation of emotions on his face – anger; shock; surprise and horror - at what had transpired, while he hears crying coming from his son, making him take hold of him rocking him back and forth as he trembles with realisation that he nearly been run over if hadn't been for Will saving them both.

"What…. were you thinking? Dammit, Hannibal…why didn't you tell anyone that your left vision was becoming impaired?"

"I didn't know. I didn't know…...I thought…."

He trails off, getting up and walking up the grassy verge heads back across the road, through the gate then up the porch steps, inside the house and places his son down who grabs his hand to hold it tightly, making him look and turn to kneel in front of him.

"Papa, is going to get himself checked by the Doctor, okay. So, no more accidents can't happen like that one and you don't get a fright."

"Papa, can Will...come and play with me sometime?"

He smiles softly at his little son, stroking an errant curl from the little boy's forehead and gently, tucks it behind on small *pointy almost ear (*slight Spock reference there, because I felt like it) then answers as the man appears with his wife at the porch doorway.

"Of course. If, Wil doesn't mind that?"

He turns his gaze to the younger man, who nods in reply and makes little Ronaldo, squeal in delight, hugging his once before he met Sarina – his ***Lover*** for one night in a motel room – making Will, stiffen slightly at the contact then place one hand on the little boy's head, giving a soft smile down at the Hannibal's only child.

(TIME SKIP)

"So, how do you know him, Hannibal?"

Sarina, asks him when he comes into the bedroom from the bathroom with a large towel wrapped around his waist and the other he is using to dry his hair, while she sits on her side of the bed, brushing her long dark brown hair which was usually either tied up in bun or plaited.

"He was former patient of mine." He replies – not lying to her – and the hand holding the brush stills, her body twisting so she is looking at him standing near his side of the bed.

"***Former?*** Did …something happen to make him that? And don't lie to me, darling. I know when you are."

He sits down himself, mattress dipping under his weight and sighs heavily, with both hands taking hold of the side of the bed as he looks over his shoulder at her beautiful tattoo of *Manta ray inked on her back then turning his body, reaches over with one hand to take the brush off her.

(Side-note: Loose reference to the film ***"Moana"*** and the granny in that who has the tattoo on her back.)

He finishes her job for her, soon kissing her shoulder blade and takes hold of her, holding around the waist then rests the side of his cheek on it, thinking on how to answer her.

Could he though tell her the downright ***Truth?***

Could he tell the mother of his only child – sweet, little innocent Ronaldo – that had laid with the man, she had met today?

Could he?

He pulls back, unexpectly that he sees reflected his wife looking at him and…...immediately her hand comes up as she gasps in shock and realisation then gets off the bed, whirling around on him as he waits for her hand which she has raised up to slap him. It never comes, instead the master bedroom door opening and closing behind her, is the answer she gives him instead then the first tear – no doubt will be soon of many – trickles down the side of his cheek to plip onto the duvet cover, while he sits there on the bed still with the brush in his lap.

PART 4 – "Feeling like a One Has Become a Prisoner of One's Emotions"

Morning for Hannibal, in his Baltimore office is where he finds himself paying more attention to poor Franklyn – who is concerned about a friend of his – and listens with the ticking of the clock; the monotone voice and occasional car alarm outside going off.

"It's just…. could you at least come to the Baltimore Opera Party, this Saturday and see for yourself what Tobias is like?"

He is about to reply, when his phone on his desk rings making him get out of his seat and walk over then picking it up, answers followed by wondering what the hell is going on.

"Pappaa!!!...Where……..are you?"

"Ronaldo, calm down. It's okay…. Papa's at work….and what's wrong?"

"Mama……is gone. Papa……I'm scared!!!?"

"Okay, listen to me. Go and get all your fluffy toys then go into the sitting room, where I want you to wait for me. Can you do that, little one?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Good boy."

His little one, cuts off and excusing himself he says to Franklyn he will come to the Party this Saturday night if possible then heads out, rushing past the receptionist – Maxine – who he shouts to lock up the office as "Urgent family business has come up" and out of the building, heading over to his car.

(TIME SKIP)

Will, becomes wide awake after being rudely roused from taking what for supposed to be a short nap in his lecturer office and is now heading inside the large Baltimore house that Hannibal, owned into the sitting room where the little one has done as his Papa had asked him.

Fluffy animals all shapes and sizes, are surrounded the little boy who is curled up on a duvet covers with them and playing so heads over, sitting down with Ronaldo as Hannibal – now calmed down and looking no longer worse for wear – comes in bearing three cups of hot chocolate, handing the small mug to his son and one large one to Will.

"All we need…is Goldilocks to complete this scene." He jokes, making Hannibal laugh softly and sit down himself near his little one who is playing with a fluffy stag and rabbit – the stag chasing the rabbit or playing with it.

"Thank you for coming, Will. Though, who knew…you could be a grizzly bear in the morning."

"Just because someone…stepped into its cave and disturbed it hibernating."

This makes Hannibal, give a soft smile at him and takes a sip of the hot chocolate, just as the front door opens making them all lift their faces as his wife appears, stopping immediately with the other person holding her arm frown then immediately seeing the wedding ring on Hannibal's ring finger makes them curse as Will, thankfully covers his little's son ears and takes him outside to play in the garden.

"Sarina, could we talk in private please. You are still my wife, are you not?"

He says, asking her the question and can see the man next to her, go very pale at the information that they were with someone's else's' wife and slip away from her, heading out with quick excuse *"Ummm……I think I just remember, the meter man is going to be around today and forget to get rid of the huge pile of clutter around it"* then he heads into the kitchen, waiting until she has come in and closes the door behind him with no sound being made.

"Hannibal, what's wrong? Is Ronaldo…. alright? Is he…sick or unwell? Darling, please…...your scaring me."

"What's wrong? Is Ronaldo alright? Is he sick…. or unwell?" He repeats the questions back at her, feeling the temper in his voice raise slightly and replies. "How about…. Abandonment and left alone, without anyone….in the house to comfort him if he hurt himself, Sarina. Because, today….***my*** little one..…called his Papa at work, because he was scared and you…have the audacity to ask me *"What's wrong?"* like nothing is wrong at all, with leaving him alone."

"Our son, Hannibal. He's our son." She says, stepping closer to him and bringing both hands up to his, which he quickly crosses over his chest giving her a certain glare.

PART 4 (cont.)

"Is he? Does a mother abandon her child, like you did? So, you could do what?" Hannibal asks her, while she comes up to him soon glaring at him in certain way to try and stare him down.

"What about you? Why didn't you tell me you were fucked by ***…." that"*** faggot, out there at the ***Love-Crush Motel***?"

A venomous hiss, coming from her and before he can stop himself from doing it as soon pinned down onto the kitchen counter, with one hand tightening on her throat as he snarls at her lowly as he bends down his face to look at her.

"Because….it is none of your business to know that fact. Who told you? I said ***Who told you, Sarina?***" He growls out, knowing his temper has risen to boiling point and she immediately wrenches his hand off her throat – showing surprising strength for a former nurse.

She brings out her phone, flicking through it and turns it for him to see the screen, showing a video of him and Will, busy on the Hotel bed – with the mirrors in the ceiling – while the video version of him allows for his body to be taken on the sheets of the Motel bed then hears something he hadn't remembered in the morning afterwards.

"*Tell me, Hannibal."*

"I can't……tell you."

"Yes, you can. Tell me."

*"I'm….in…..**..Love** …with…you."*

The video ends, followed by a silence filling the kitchen and he unfolds his arms, lowering them to his sides then she comes right up to him, handing him a form that she has just gotten from her handbag and opening it up sees it is a Divorce and Custody of the Child form, making him just stand there as the kitchen door opens behind him.

His little one – his son – closely followed by Will, who stills when he sees what the wife is still holding and the fact what was in Hannibal's hands then leads Ronaldo back out and following him, he sees the younger man is in the sitting room as he wills his heart to start thudding against his ribcage.

The site in front of him, shows his son laughing and playing in the garden then heads outside, ripping the form up so much and places it in wastepaper basket, hiding it under some newspapers. He walks down the porch steps, going over to Will and his son, who jumps up into his arms as he finds himself breathing heavily then pulls the other man in for a hug, burying his face into the crook of the man's neck.

To hide the tears that are beginning to form at the fact, he was going lose his Son – who is in his arms for now - and never seen him again.

(TIME SKIP)

LOCATION – BALTIMORE OPERA PARTY – 7:00PM – Saturday

Hannibal, knows if Will were here, the young man would be feeling out of place and not wanting to be surrounded by the richer society folk of Baltimore, while he stands in the foyer of the place, with the beautifully carved Greek pillars with the floral motifs either side and the two staircases leading upwards to the main Opera Art Gallery, with the transparent yellow glass balusters that reflected the indoor lights then finally above his head, the domed ceiling with the goldish-brown and sea-green tiles.

He can see in the large dining room, the other guests are busy mulling about – chatting; laughing or making new friends or losing one's – then sighing softly, heads down the three steps and over to the dining room doors, which are already opened as he takes a glass of champagne from one of the Waiter's and begins to walk among the people, who know nothing truly about him.

He tries not to think of what had happened yesterday, with little son – Ronaldo – crying heavily, begging to him not to let him go and yet, he had to due to the form that Sarina had handed to him in the kitchen, followed by getting a sixth copy after finding the previous five all destroyed in certain ways then sees Franklyn – making him still at first, because the man previously had been well rather large and yet, now he looked more svelte like he lost weight – and goes over, seeing where the other man is keeping his gaze on.

Talking to Mrs Komeda and her…was it second or third or even sixth husband now, standing next to her looking strangely just like the one his Ex-Wife had had slung over her arm and takes sip of the champagne, watching as Tobias Budge – Cello Shop Owner – then the man, stops talking turning his face to look straight at Hannibal.

Side note: Just to say this, it is going to be difficult for me to write bits with Budge in, because I don't really like it when the black person is chosen to play a bad person in Film or TV shows and is then killed by white person. I'm not trying to sound racist, because I'm not that at all and yet, it… admit it sadly irks me when it happens. I'm just stating my fact, because were all allowed an opinion on whatever the topic is.

"Excuse me."

A polite, calm voice – though with undertone that something was creeping under the surface of the ***"Person suit"*** that black man, wore – and comes over to them, smiling softly as Franklyn decides to lead all three of them to a table in the far corner then just as he is about to sit down, voices make him turn his head as he recognises one of them followed by little feet running across the polished foyer.

Hannibal, gets up and placing his glass down on the table, weaves his way gently through the crowd until he sees who is coming then quickly slips through a gap made by two waiters; narrowly avoiding the drinks on the trays being spilled as he manages to support with his own hand and hands it back to the embarrassed young waiter; politely brushes past two ladies, who know Mrs. Komeda and her daughter then finally reaches the doorway as his little boy, closely followed by Will – wearing one his suits for these kind of formal occasions as he had been missing one from his wardrobe – spots and runs over, soon jumping up into his arms.

He stumbles backwards, due to it and manages not to fall, arms wrapping around in hug to hold his little one close to him as feels tears of joy; happiness and gladness fill his eyes to run down his cheeks slowly as he little one, missing his Papa buries his face into the crook of his neck then begins to laugh softly at the fact, he is surrounded by the richer society of Baltimore and in a suit, while his son is still in his *Lego Batman Pyjamas (Side-note: @Hannibalsimago, I think my brain is going, because I'm adding references for all kind of films here and…Urghhh!!…SOS!!) followed by heading into the foyer, so he can talk to his son and Will.

"I've been given…legal custody of your son, Hannibal, as his Guardian."

Will says, when all three of them reach a distant spot of the foyer so they're not overheard and sitting his little boy, down on one of the foyer seats then his hand is taken hold of and looking down sees the little boy has made an origami crane for him.

“Will, helped me make it, Papa. “The little boy says, with small blush on his cheeks and looking down at it, strokes his son’s cheek making his son giggle at it because it tickles.

Will, who has sat down next to them, hands Hannibal an envelope and taking it, he gets up then heads over to a spot, where he can read it and sees that it is document stating that he has legal custody of his child and that Will is the Guardian of his child then comes to the last paragraph – where it states where is Ex-wife is to not make at all any contact with him; his son or even Will – and seeing all it needs is his signature and goes to look for pen, when he suddenly remembers he doesn’t have one.

It’s a hand appearing in front of his vision, holding a pen and belonging to Tobias Budge, makes me turn my face to look at the man then knowing it will be rude, if he doesn’t take it.

He takes it, thanking the man quietly and seeing it is fine fountain pen, uncaps it then sighs the document, standing up straight and folding it slips the letter back in the envelope, followed by handing the pen back.

“Your son, Dr. Lecter?” the black man asks him as Hannibal stands up straight and looks over at his son, swinging his legs back and for, while sitting on the foyer seat and talking with Will.

“Yes.” He replies, placing the envelope in his inner suit pocket and remembers that his Harpsichord needed new strings, so quietly asks the man for his card, explaining why.

“Here, I recommend for me to inspect what strings have been affected that come around to your house. Would next Wednesday be alright?”

He thinks has he got any appointments on that day and goes to answer, when he hears raised voices coming from the main doors of the Baltimore Opera House, making him nod in reply then head to see what the problem is, when one of the voices turns out to be his hysterical Ex-wife - Sarina.

She sees him, barging past the two bodyguards and walks right up to him as he goes to say to her *“Calm down. You’re in Public Place”* when before he can do it, a fine delicate hand still wearing the wedding ring – the one he had chosen for her, when she had told him that she was pregnant with his child – slaps him across the cheek, so hard that the sound echoes in the foyer.

Silence follows, followed by everyone in the main dining hall all going still – like they had become frozen – while he feels a bead of blood, from his split lip trickle down the side of it to soon in slow motion plip onto the carpet of the foyer.

Behind him, the whispers begin to start.

“Did you see that?”

“Who is that woman?”

“Shocking. Things like should be sorted elsewhere. Not in Public.”

“*Especially in front of a child as young as that.”*

It is the final whisper, that reminds him his little one is with Will and turns his face, seeing his little one is shocked at what he has just witnessed his Mama slapping his Papa then heads over, picking

Ronaldo up and holding him close, holds out his hand to Will, surprising everyone when it is taken by the other man.

They head out the double door, stepping out into the street and begin to walk, while snowflakes begin to spiral down from the night sky above then coming around the corner, reach the car park and over to his car, where Will says he will drive and he nods handing him the car keys.

As he does so, it causes static spark to jump between their fingertips as they brush in the handing over process and slowly, both move their hands away then he gets into the passenger side, with his little one lifting his head to look at him as he settles in the seat and clips on the belt.

"Papa, why did Mama hit you?"

His little boy asks him, making him wonder how should he answer and just sifts at first his hand through his son's hair, while Will starts the car then peels it out of the car park, followed yawning coming from his little one, who nuzzles into his chest and falls soon asleep in his arms.

He sighs softly, feeling tired himself and allows for his eyes to slip close, while outside as Will drives to *their house* – not his house – the snow swirl and spirals like dancers in the air.

PART 5 – Always Protect the One's You Love, No Matter the Consequences

"Would you like a drink? I know it is late and you will evidently want to go home to your dogs, Will."

"A drink will be fine. My dogs are being taken care of by my neighbour – Mrs. Crockie, so for once we can talk and enjoy each other's company."

Hannibal, with two tumblers of fine whiskey and wearing only his suit shirt, the three top buttons of it unbuttoned heads into the sitting room, where Will is sitting against the sofa on the carpet, watching the flickering flames of the fire in the large fireplace with the ornate carved wooden guardians either side of two Greek diaphanous beauties in seductive poses then the younger man, turns his gaze away to look up at him.

"You know that those people are now going to say that were having an affair. A married, respectable man who they know and un-married man, with history of catching serial killers and who has been committed to Chilton's Hospital."

Sitting down himself, he allows the other man to take his drink and bringing his own up to his lip, takes a sip then lowers it back down to swirl the amber liquid, with ice cubes in it around and just watches, while outside the snow has started to cover the whole of Baltimore, Virginia in a thick blanket.

His little one is thankfully in his own bedroom, fast asleep with his toys around him and safe for now. The form in the envelope, was in his desk drawer in his study to be handed into the Divorce and Legal Guardian Registration Office on Monday.

It's a hand, reaching up and touching his cheek, stroking it lightly that makes him turn his face to see Will, is watching him silently half-turned against the sofa then the hand, slides downwards taking the tumbler of him and placing it safely out of harm's way.

He stays still, heart starting to speed up against his ribcage and when the younger man's lips touch is he can't stop the breathless gasp that escapes, followed by mouth opening slightly then they fully cover his, followed by a hand taking hold of the back of his head to sift through his hair.

The kiss soon becomes bolder, followed by him starting to breathe heavily through his nostrils and before he can stop himself moans softly, when a tongue entwines with his own then must pull back, with thin string of saliva that is connecting their lips – which glistens in the firelight like a fine silk strand – softly breaks apart.

"Haa…. I'll prepare the quest bedroom. The weather outside doesn't look like it is going to stop and it might be dangerous if you decide to drive back."

He clambers off the younger man's lap, walking out and heads upstairs to the quest bedroom, when he stills noticing that his little one's bedroom door is open so goes to check looking through the gap.

He barges in quickly, rushing over and grabbing his son – who jumps into his arms – tightly then suddenly winces, when something wraps – like string of some kind - around his arm tightening so much it draws blood which begins to seep through his suit sleeve – staining it – then Will, appears holding his gun in his hand and pointing it at the intruder who suddenly yanks Hannibal, towards them and causing him to let go Ronaldo – who thankfully bounces onto the bed.

He is pulled flush against the Intruder's chest, followed by a hand going to his throat and tightening as he brings both of his hands up to try to pry them off then manages after doing so, soon whirls around to face them, while punching them as they stumble backwards only to yank him again and bringing him close to the window.

Moonlight, filters through a gap in the curtain and grabbing a letter opener – one of many he kepted around the house – manages to slice the string or whatever it was on his arm then holding it, breathes heavily and quickly gets between Will and *their*.... his son.

"Touch them and…you'll will regret it."

He hisses it out, while the Intruder suddenly chuckles at him and lunges, making him weave out the way bringing the knife up to slash upwards only to be kicked hard in the chest with such force…...Hannibal, has no time to react as it sends him through the curtain, plus window – which shatters to a million tiny fragments – into the snow, where he watches in slow motion as the face of Tobias Budge looks down at him.

When his body impacts with the ice of the below, ice plates shoot upwards along with cold, freezing water and he struggles weakly to reach the surface, managing to break it then because of the fierce current underneath the ice, finds himself drag downwards into the blackest depths.

Will, holds little Ronaldo close to him as F.B.I investigators scour the length of the river for any sighs of Hannibal, while Jack stands next to him near an ambulance that is parked on the road then shouting from further up the river, makes him hand the little boy over to Jack.

He begins to run through the snow, almost stumbling in the process due to it being thick in some places and finally reaches where the shouting is coming from then finally reaches the place, sliding down the slope and dislodging snow as manages to quickly grab hold of Hannibal, who slumps against him.

Hannibal, now sits in the Ambulance wrapped up in heating blankets and holding a flask of hot tea, which he sips quietly then places it down to one side as Jack comes over to him with Ronaldo, who he takes hold of and brings up onto his lap.

"It's okay. Papa's…alright…now. Shh, it's okay."

He begins to rock his little one, back and forth while feeling his son bury his face into the crook of his neck as he sifts a hand through the fine locks of curly chestnut hair to calm him then Hannibal, sees Will coming towards him making him go to get up when he suddenly winces and must place Ronaldo down.

He places a hand to his hip, while one of the Ambulance staff requests if they can have a look and sliding the blankets off, reveals a large bruise where his left hip had bashed against a rock and some glass sticking out, a shard from his little one's window then suddenly heaves weakly, followed by blood splattering onto the snow – coating it with crimsom petals.

He falls backwards with Ambulance staff, catching hold of him and placing him on the Ambulance bed as Will gets in with his son, who comes over to grip his hand tightly then he bites his bottom lip, gritting his teeth when one of the staff tries to pull the shard out.

Part 6 – * "I'm Meaner than My Demons" and *"Betrayal is something Akin to Love"

***Title from "Control" – Singer unknown. Source Hannibal Fan-video.**

***What Bedelia said to Will in season 3, last episode – the most emotional one to admit I went back to twice because it is so…Urghhh…...good. (getting tissue to wipe tears away)**

Location – Baltimore – John Hopkin's Hospital – Early Morning 6:12am

7 DAYS LATER

The injury, that Hannibal had acquired after being pushed through the window by a now wanted Tobias Budge – who had disappeared before he could be arrested – had been so serious that if the glass shard had been taken out, the shock would have killed him along with intense blood loss as he now lays in the Hospital bed with one arm around his son Ronaldo, who is curled up against his chest calmly sleeping.

This to his anger and feeling violated of his own privacy, including his son's, had not stopped Freddie Lounds – *the Fox of Tattlecrime* – from sneaking in to take a picture of him, recovering from being flung through his own son's bedroom window by what she called *"The String Killer"* – aka Tobias Budge, now a wanted person – then the Hospital room door opening makes him flutter his eyes – as he had been resting for short while – to see a blurry, but recognisable blob of Will Graham.

"*Hey, Hannibal…just come to check you to see how you're doing."*

The younger man whispers so not to waken the little boy, who is busy snuffling as he sleeps dreaming of his favourite thing - whatever that was, Hannibal didn't know yet – then a hand take hold of his, fingers clasping with his and he smiles softly.

"Recovering slowly. Sutcliffe – old friend of mine, from when I worked here – says it will scar, while I will have to have a list of medication so it doesn't impede me."

"Sounds like you want to escape from here."

"You have no idea, Will."

They both softly laugh at this, while Ronaldo shifts in his sleep and soon wakes up rubbing his eyes slightly then squeals for joy, when he sees who his Papa is talking to and clambers over Hannibal, who gives a slight grunt of mild pain and sighs softly looking at his little one, who is Will has taken hold of and tickling for fun.

"You wee rascal. Your Papa's still recovering and you clamber over him, like that. Little Mountaineer, ain't you? By this rate when you're older you'll be climbing maybe one of the famous mountains in your stories you've been letting me read to you sometimes."

"I want to climb Mt. Mischa, from where Papa comes from. It has wild poppies growing in meadow up there and lots of wild animals."

Hannibal, doesn't stiffen at the name of his long-deceased sister like he used to and instead remains calm, remembering the place his little one is describing – *the tall swaying grass in the gentle breeze; far distance mountains peaked at the top with snow and the river Serin that went down into the valley of where the village was then of course there was the Lecter Castle* – then comes out of his thoughts, when he notices Will is looking at him with concern.

"I'm fine. It's nothing." He says, lying to the man because he is still trying to figure out whether he can tell the man who loves him the whole ***Truth*** of his ***Past.***

How he has become, who he is today?

The Chesapeake Ripper here in Baltimore, Virginia; Il Mostro of Firenze in Florence, Italy; The Copycat, who plays in the shadows and leaves puzzles for head of the F.B.I – Jack Crawford – then finally El Diablo – The Devil, with the forked tongue that can't be trusted in the Nevada Desert.

He watches his son giggling in slow motion, with the younger man telling him a funny story and sinks back among the pillows, laying his head to one side on them then slips his eyes close allowing Morpheus to take him away to wherever his Mind Palace will lead him.

The Palazzo de Roma Chapel appears as he walks across a crimsom lake with feet not of Human, but a Wendigo - a creature of myth with sleek ochre skin like an oil spill and eyes the milky white like the white foxglove – then slowly, in slow motion it begins to build itself around him while on the floor at his feet the carving soon appears.

The Skeleton with the face turned away and hands out like they had been handcuffed or chained to the stone as the words appear around the edge "Morte into Life" then lifts his head to stare straight at the figure standing at the altar while towering above the roof raises ever higher into the Heavens.

He holds out his hands, allowing for the pomegrate seeds to fall in slow motion to the floor where they scatter about and only one reaches a small crevice near the Skeleton's ribcage then falls into it.

He steps back, listening to the rumbling as the stonework suddenly cracks like the when an earthquake rips through the Earth's surface followed by tall branches appear spreading outwards like throne of Antler's then slowly it raises from the tomb it has been buried in.

It comes to it's full height, towering above him and yet never reaching the ceiling of the chapel then lifts it's face, staring at him with white milky eyes straight into his ***Soul*** *then before he can do anything, something stabs through his throat causing black insidious goo to splatter into the stone floor in jet-black flowers.*

He collapses onto his knees and hunches over himself, soon shooting out both hands and scarring the stone with long black tipped claws that have appeared.

Digging grooves into it and soon his back arches unnaturally; his body moves in impossible ways and grooves begin to form under his eyes running downwards like when mascara when it becomes wet then a ripping of fabric, followed by blood shooting upwards into the air as he arches to stare straight up at the Heavens screaming an unearthly scream that is neither Human or Animal.

While the Great Wendigo, watches with unseeing eyes that see all; hear all and know all.

Hannibal, after shooting up in the Hospital bed from the most intense, emotional nightmare he has ever experienced in his all life, while his chest rises and falls heavily with sweat that has formed running down in thick rivulets then begins to concentrate his breathing so his heart-rate begins stabilised.

He is glad that Will and his little one, aren't around to see him in this state then managing to calm his heart-rate, pulls the cover back and swings his legs out of the bed placing his bare feet quietly onto the floor.

Standing up, slowly he checks his wound and sees it is healed – but there would still be some tenderness around that area – then begins to get changed into fresh clothes that he had asked Will to bring in.

Location - The Chopin String Shop – Tobias 's Residence – Late Afternoon

The Chopin String Shop, is in the middle of Baltimore, Virginia and close Hannibal notices to where he works then heads around the back, seeing that there is fence with very large man-sized hole in it – recently made by the look of it, by the clipping of the metal – then slips through with ease, without snagging anything.

Though you got to remember, Hannibal has years of practice since he was young man at the age of sixteen and so compared to him – Budge was bumbling amateur on the curve of becoming soon nothing.

This was because he had threatened his little one's life and nearly is, while he heads to the back door noticing it is unlocked – so the man was expecting him – then he is placing one gloved hand on the fogged up-close pushes the door slightly open looking down to notice the length of very strong piano wore glinting in the half light of the sun setting on the horizon.

He kneels, curious and intrigued at such a futile trap then plucks the string with one finger allowing for a single note to play then standing up straight steps over it, walking further into the back of the shop where he sees the front entrance to the till has been blocked by multitude of strings – the same – and flicks his gaze up to the darkened stairs and small door in the side of them.

He brings his hand up, plucking one string and listens waiting then an answer comes from a violin – muffled slightly by where it is coming from – then seeing that it is going to first play out like this makes his decision.

Who is the best Musician?

Violinist or the Harpist?

The Spider or the Fly?

The Damsel Fly or the Dragonfly

He begins to play the strings on the doorway, a new composition that he had been thinking off with both gloved hands and eyes closed, while he knows Budge his listening to him as he continues – never faltering and never losing pace.

Even when tears form and begin to run down his cheeks, he doesn't stop then when he reaches the final note that is when he flutters his eyes open to look at the other man standing right in front of him as he reaches through the gaps of the strings to catch a single crystal-like tear that has run down the man's cheek.

He pulls his hand back, looking at the tear shining in the fading sunlight on his gloved thumb and brings it is to his lips, tasting it softly with them then looks at the man, who has managed to compose himself.

"Who knew the ***"Chesapeake Ripper"*** could serenade like that? Who is your muse, dear Dr. Lecter? Is it that young F.B.I Profiler – ***Will Graham?"***

Hannibal, stiffens when he hears the other man says his ***Lover's*** and Guardian of his child name then brings out the curved knife, flicking it silently open and slides it out to soon slash across the way the strings – causing a load twanging noise to sound as the strings snap apart to fall to the wooden floorboard – then steps through, the gap they have made.

"Be glad, Tobias Budge, that my ***"Muse"*** has you call him isn't here to see me like this."

"Ahh, there you are. The real you, Dr. Hannibal Lecter...not the ***"Person Suit"*** you wear every day and night."

PART 7 – "Till I Found You" I was Nothing but a Shadow Hidden Among the Forest of the Night and the Chapel of Starlight (title implies both Will and Hannibal)

Location – Wolftrap Forest – Night

It is deathly still in the forest of spindly trees that curve over him like long crooked fingers as he lays on the snow, looking up through the gaps to the stars that have appeared spreading outwards like a long path leading to somewhere then Hannibal, hears shouting which makes him turn his face to see his little one closely followed by Will, plus what looks like the whole of the F.B.I Taskforce of Jack Crawford's unit appearing through the treeline.

He gets up, only to nearly collapse when one of his feet give out of him meaning that at some point he must have twisted his ankle and sliding his hand down, checks it only to found it is only a sprain then Will, is collapsing in front of him and hugging him that allows for it slowly wrapping his arms around the younger man.

"Dr. Lecter, you go ahead. A witness said they saw Tobias Budge running around in the woods here so were going to see if we can corner him." Jack says to him, while he is helped up by Will and held around the waist, while they begin to limp out of the wooded area together as son – Ronaldo – wearing his little coat like his, holds his hand and he clasps it tightly in his.

They reach the main road, where he must lean against a land rover – which is Jack's – and finds he is breathing labourly, like had just run a marathon then his body slides downwards onto the ground where he can feel his heart-rate is speeding up and breath coming in short laboured gasps, while hands take hold of his cheeks lifting his face up.

"Haaa……Can you forgive me, Will?"

The man frowns at him, pulling back slightly and placing the back his hand to his forehead as Hannibal, smiles weakly at both his son and the man he ***Loves.***

"Hannibal, what are you talking about? What do you mean ***"forgive you"*** and why you are talking this way?"

"Because till I found you, I was nothing and now…I just be a memory in your mind. Forgive me, my darling sweet ***Love."***

He gets up, while Wil stands up and bringing out the curved knife – which hadn't killed Budge after all – in the palm of his left hand, cups the younger's man cheek seeing how sea-bluish eyes widen then yanks him close, stabbing straight hearing a ripping sound of fabric as he begins to make the ragged wound as he feels Will, give a choked, surprised gasp followed shaking against him as Hannibal, holds him close to him.

He pulls it out, allowing for a gush of blood to splatter onto the road and cradles the back of the younger man's head as he feels the spasms begin to start then takes one last deep inhale of the aftershave that Will, always wore to store in his Mind Palace then pulls back as rain begins to pour down to look once last time at a face he may never see again.

"I love you, both. Do you understand me, Will? You saw me, like no other and I let you because…. I find myself falling in ***Love*** with you. Goodbye, Will Graham and may this be the last time you see

me."

When he pulls away and begins to walk, he hears his son crying out to him to come back as he keeps walking – each step feeling like shard of glass stabbing straight into his Heart.

Location – Baltimore – John Hopkin's Hospital – Early Morning turning into Mid- afternoon – 10:57am

14 DAYS LATER AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HANNIBAL LECTER

Will's P.O.V:

Ronaldo, sniffles softly on my chest as I sift a hand through his hair to calm him and stare out of the Hospital window of the room I'm in, while bandages cover the grotesque Joker's grin that goes across my abdomen then kiss the crown of his head, knowing he is being crying about his Papa – Hannibal Lecter.

I had felt blind at not being told by Jack, he was using me as bait to lure out the largest of serial Killers in Baltimore, Virginia – ***"The Chesapeake Ripper"*** – out for capture and try not to think of the time in the Nevada Desert Hotel, where had laid together.

But I can't stop the memories from overflowing and feel the tears forming, biting my bottom lip as they run down my cheeks because he had been right I had seen him like no other than reach for the tissues in the box, grabbing some to wipe my eyes because if Freddie Lounds sneak in like before and saw me like this it would be on Tattlecrime website.

They had lost track though of Hannibal, after incident had occurred where his house had been destroyed by arson – nearly everything had been destroyed, except for thankfully the stag and rabbit soft toys that been given back to Ronaldo – then his office had been blown up by a gas pipe of heater left on for too long.

He had known he would be caught and it would only be matter of time before he was then I decide, remembering that the soft toys came from small shop in Florence, Italy.

That's where he would be hiding.

Location – Florence, Italy – Evening – 9:59pm

The sleek black "***Triumph"*** motorbike, weaves through the evening traffic of Italian Drivers at such a fast speed it tells any person – if they saw it – that the person was very experienced and had been doing it for long time, while the city lights are reflected in the polished helmet.

Gloved black hands grip the handles, making the leather of them creak slightly, while the heart of the person is steady – a calm, beat – and tighten, increasing the throttle as they head around a corner then finally reach their destination.

They pull the sleek motorbike up to a parking space, switching the engine off and hands reach up, pulling it off to reveal Hannibal Lecter – no longer recognisable in the attire he wears and the fact

he no longer looks the same as he had once before – then unsaddles the motorbike, placing his helmet into the seat compartment.

Inside, nobody pays attention to him as he quietly slips among them holding the champagne flute in one hand and looking around at the ***"Prey"*** – looking for someone he hopes can be a suitable and worthy target for his plan – then comes to stop, slightly in the centre of the large dining area surrounded by the richer society of Florence, Italy.

He tries not to think of his little one and Will, who he had left both behind in Baltimore then to calm his nerves, takes a sip of the champagne only to soon gag slightly at the taste and manages to cover it with small cough then a voice speaks beside him so quietly, he almost thinks it's Will.

"Not a fan of the champagne, I take it."

He turns his face to look at the other man, who looks almost like Will and yet, is not Will as he sees the difference between the them both. This man had light brownish hair, with hints of silver in it and the fact it had been slicked back; eyes that are studying him intently and he wonders why had they picked him out of all the people around them.

He indicates that they talk out on the balcony, so head to it and soon outside into the fresh air where he leaves his glass on the balustrade then walks down the stone steps to the garden, heading to where he can see the Italian Vineyards and the man comes to stand next to him.

"Sorry, I…. just getting over a heavy divorce from my late wife or Ex-wife I should say." He says, voice so quiet he wonders if the man will hear it – because to his ears it sounds like the gentle breeze ruffling the top of trees.

"Something go wrong? Passions not like, when you first met her."

"Yes." He says back in reply, feeling before he can stop himself a single tear run down his right cheek and takes a shuddering breath then a hand coming up, turning his chin makes his eyes widen and goes to say something when suddenly lips brush against his eliciting a soft gasp from him.

He trembles, kissing back and soon his taken fully hold of as the other man – this unknown man he doesn't even know the name of – kisses him breathlessly, he shamelessly whimpers bringing his hands to hold strong shoulders as he pushed backwards into stone alcove where his back hits the stonework as he tries, deep down to not to remember another pair of soft, warm lips – like the one's kissing him now – that once kissed him in a Love Motel in the Nevada Desert.

Location - Florence, Italy - Morning - 7:00am

Will's P.O.V:

I hadn't told Jack, that I was going to Florence with little Ronaldo to hunt for Hannibal and make him atone to what had done to us both - me and his son - then come out of my thoughts, when the sound of Florence fills my ears from the open taxi passenger window.

Ronaldo, who is busy sleeping again as the taxi drives through the city to the Hotel, where we would be staying until we found Hannibal, make him explain why he had done what had did and not let himself be arrested instead.

"You son, Senor?"

"No. Nephew."

I reply, making the taxi driver nod in reply and look out the window at the view, feeling the little boy shifting in his sleep as he wakes up then clambers up slightly to look out of taxi window, while it soon pulls up at the large Florentian Hotel called ***"Masquarade"*** then keep my hand on the little boy's back.

"Is that where were staying, Uncle Will?"

"Yes."

The taxi stops, while I the door stepping out onto the pavement and help the little boy out, while the taxi driver gets our bags out from the boot then after being handed them, head into the hotel.

Location - Florence,Italy - Hannibal's Apartment - 6:58am

Sunlight filters through a gap in the curtains, shining down on the bed where a person with blonde hair mixed with silver highlights sleeps on his side with hands curled in front of him on the white pillows, with their chest rising and falling softly with each gentle snuffling they make.

Clothes from last night, lay scattered about on the floor and not picked up, along with other clothes that belong to the other person who is busy coming out of the bathroom then goes over to the bed, pulling the covers softly back and slipping inside.

Hannibal, wakes up slowly when he feels a arm slip over his hip to soon rest on his chest and stretching slightly in the sunlight flutters his eyes open then it all comes flooding back to him.

The kiss in the alcove; driving back to his Apartment; a fumble in the winding stairs, followed by soon stumbling into his bedroom with clothes being thrown in different directions. The both of them not really caring where they landed.

FLASHBACK:

Night Before

He feels like he is not in his own body and losing his sense of reality almost, while his nude body is spread out on the luxurious silk sheets of the large bed in his Florence Apartment, while the other man – Anthony Dimmond – undulates his hips back and forth into his at such a gentle pace he can't stop the breathless gasps; soft whimpers and harsh panting from escaping him.

He cries out softly, feeling like he is being unravelled like ribbon and allowing to be caught by the wind then when Dimmond, pulls away from him and flips him onto his front he keens heavily followed by moaning with his face turned to one side, each thrust making him grip the sheets tightly in clenched fists.

“Oh, god!!.....oh, oh, oh…. god!!.....No, more.....no more, please...UHHHH!!"

His back arches, followed by keening so heavily it echoes in the bedroom and everything seems to go still like time had frozen, while he feels like he is suspended above their nude bodies then collapses back down, trembling from the aftershocks of the most, intense orgasm he’s ever experienced in his life.

Only once person, had made him feel it before and that had been Will, in the Love-Crush Motel just near the Nevada Desert then he is rolled onto his back, where a hands strokes some slightly damp hair from his forehead.

The man pushes back into him, followed by fully covering him and rolls their bodies, so he is straddling the man then he begins to move his hips and down, riding the man below him with both hands sliding to rest on Dimmond's chest tilting his head backwards gasping and panting in the silence of the bedroom.

Hands hold his hips, massaging circles in them and when he lowers his head, he looks at the other man - trying to deny he is seeing Will's face and Dimmond's face blurring - then because of it, his second orgasm hits him so hard he arches his back followed by blinding whiteness covering his vision and muffling every sound but the thudding against his ribcage then when he comes down from it, he collapses on top of the other man"s chest and feels himself rolled back onto his back.

His breath is coming in laboured gasps; chest rising and falling, while his heart begins to slowly resume it's normal beat and sweat that coats his body trickles down it like water droplets then the man slips away from him.

The room smells of sex; musk and sweating bodies. He can feel distantly the warmth of the Dimmond's release sliding within him and an ache in his whole body then the man comes back through, asking him a question.

"Who's Will"

This makes him close his eyes, trying to deny the image that appears of another memory then swinging his legs off the bed, places his feet on the carpet wrapping his arms around himself and holding them with his hand, while hands take hold of both his cheeks and lift his face up.

Light hazel eyes staring into his. That deeply remind him of Will's eyes.

END OF FLASHBACK

He slips away from Dimmond, sliding out of the bed and heads over to the curtains opening them to allow more sunlight to flood into the darkened room then wraps his arms arounc himself holding his elbows and soon feels arms softly wrap around his waist, holding him gently.

"What's wrong? Do you regret last night, Antos Fell?"

Dimmond, asks him using his alias - the name he had taken from the previous Dr. Fell, now deceased and parts of him resting in the sewers tunnels below the Museum - and turns his face, burying it into the crook of the other man's neck.

"Nothing is wrong. Nothing is wrong at all."

They eat breakfast together - a protien scramble - at the table, outside on the balcony and the down below the sounds of everyday life going back and forth their everyday lives as he brings the coffee cup up to his lips, looking down at the ***"Masquerade"*** Hotel across from his apartment then is about to take a sip, when he stills.

His heart skips a beat - a double beat - as he watches in slow motion as Will - because there was no mistaking the way the man held himself up - and his little son - Ronaldo - get out of taxi then continues to silently watch as his son and the man he still can never truly forget then tears his gaze away.

If he had continued to look, he would seen that Will had looked up at the where his Apartment was located and spotted him.

He brings the cup of coffee up to his lips, taking a sip of it and lowering it back down, gets out of the seat then heads inside almost stumbling in the process when he reaches the bedroom and before he can stop himself, starts to cry heavily with the ache in his chest starting to build up once more.

Love is very powerful emotion. And for someone like him, it hurts to feel it....after that sight of his old ***Lover*** and his only child.

Location - "*Masquerade"* Hotel - Florence, Italy - 7:33am

Will's P.O.V:

The Hotel Room is on the very top floor of the Hotel, facing right across from the Apartment complex where I had seen Hannibal, sitting with someone and if he had seen me then it was going to be a matter of time that both of us would meet again.

PART 8 - Il Monstro of Firenze Awakens Once More and There is Always other Hunters Hidden in the Shadows

Location - Plaza de Roma Chapel - Florence, Italy

The ***Plaza de Roma Chapel,*** is quiet with only a few handful of people sitting in the pew chairs, when Hannibal steps inside the large area then looks over to where the candles are, seeing three have been lit.

He heads over, watching the flickering flames of the tiny red candles and sees next to one of them is tiny orgami crane, that makes him pick it up to look at it then walks over to one of the pew chair's sitting down in it.

Hannibal, sits there with the orgami crane in his hands that rest on his lap and if he were to unfold even though he didn't have to - he would see it was from his son has it had the message "*I miss you, Papa"* and another message from Will - then begins to unwrap it, looking down at the message Will has written.

Why?

I want to know your answer. I want to hear you say it.

I want you to explain why you run and didn't allow yourself to be taken in.

I want to see you, before....Jack finds out I'm here and comes after you.

He can hear the young man's voice in his head, saying those words and slowly begins to fold the paper into a new shape - a heart stabbed by swords to represent how he was feeling - then feels a presance watching him and turns his face to look over his shoulder, seeing a figure from his past.

Detective Pazza of the ***Poliza de Roma.***

He feels his heart-rate speed up slightly, followed by getting out of the chair and dashing to the back entrance, while a bullet chips the pillar - narrowly missing hitting him - then weaves his way through the pillars, only to be bowled over and slammed to the polished stone floor, where he swipes out with the curved knife - he always get on him - severing the Poliza gaurd's throat.

He manages to scramble up, running out of the back entrance into the busy street of Florence, Italy where Tourists; Shoppers and People go about there everyday lives then begins to weave his way through towards the back alleyways, only to stumble when a shot rings out hitting in straight into his left shoulder and keeps on running.

It's all he can do now.

The Hunter's were out and the Prey was wounded.

They scented blood, now it was time to follow it to the source.

Location - Florence, Italy - Florence Museum

"WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE!!!?"

The Curator of the Museum - Mr. Critos - shouts at him as he drags the other man into the empty restoration room and flings him hard at the table, breathing heavily with blood plipping onto the polished stone floor then steps closer to him as the other man gets up, wiping his the blood trickling down from the side of his lip away with the back of his hand.

"What is necessary. You been investigating me, behind my back....to ascertain whether I was....***Il Mostro of Firenze.*** Well, here's your answer, Mr. Critos."

"I already knew. I had Dimmond check your background - discovering the crimes that you commited here when you were young. And yet, you don't pay attention to what I can do to....you know who with just one sniper rifle ending his life."

Hannibal, slashes sideways feeling a spurt of blood splatter his face and watches in slow motion as the Curator with severed throat - gaping wide, white bone exposed - while the man weakly tries to hold it together as aterial spray spurts onto the floor; glass cabinets and his clothes, covering him crinsom petals.

He continues to walk towards the Curator, grabbing hold the man - who had been rude on several occasions to many different people - rips open the stomach, allowing for lower half organs to fall to the stone floor with sickening sqeulch sound then flings the still twitching body out of one of the large windows.

Screams come from below, followed by shouting as he looks out the shattered window seeing one person - who looks straight up at him - and he sees it is Detective Pazza of the ***Poliza de Roma*** then he hears shouting behind him, making him turn his face away from the shattered window to see Musuem Gaurds rushing up to him.

Blood splatters everywhere.

Screams of agony, echoing in the Restoration room.

Shots are fired, shattering glass cabinets and pottery.

A figure laying among shards of glass from a cabinet, weakly crawls out and groans heavily, arching slightly when a spiked metal prong stabs straight into leg then they twist kicking the other person away from them then manages to weakly crawl over to the medival torture wheel, using it to haul themselves up slightly.

Hannibal, breathes labourly with blood staining his clothes and some trickling down the side of his lip, while Pazza hauls him up slamming into the medival torture device with such force that it knocks the breath out of him then before he can say anything, his hand is pinned into one of the struts of the wheel and it slammed down on his wrist.

His hand spasms, followed by a hand taking hold of the back of his head and something sharps stabs into his side, wounding him then it twists, causing him to grit his teeth and turn his face to one side.

"I should kill you, for killing my men, Hannibal Lecter."

Pazza hisses at him, while pulling the knife out and letting go of the wheel allows for him to fall onto the floor as he weakly holds the wound, blood gushing between his fingertips then noise behind Pazza, makes him weakly look beyond the man.

It seems Pazza and Jack Crawford, weren't the only one's hunting him.

PART 8 - *"When You Cage a Beast, the Beast Gets Angry." (Hannibal's Part) and Have to Let One Go, Because it is the Only Way to Save them, Only to Find Out One Can't Let Them Go (Will's Part)

*Source for Title is from a quote by Logan (Hugh Jackman) in Xmen: The Last Stand, when him and Xavier are talking about the reincarnated Jean Grey and the Dark Pheonix.

Location - Muskrat Farm, Outskirts of Baltimore, Virgenia - 1:45pm

Hannibal, grits his teeth with hands scarring into the pig pen ground as the wound made by Pazza is stitched up by....one of Mason Verger's Lackies - a large, fat man called Cordell, who naviely

believed he was a better chef than him - then after it is done, he feels a hand wrench his head upwards by his hair.

"Be grateful, Dr. Lecter that Mr. Verger is allowing this."

He glares at the large ***Pig*** and when he hauled up by the pulley system and flicks one eye to the brand that is busy being heated up then it is taken out from the coals, revealing it is Brand of the Verger's then the person holding it, presses it right into his back between his shoulder blades.

They wheel him into the large dining hall on one of those wheelies to transport stuff, while at the table he....feels his heart skip a double beat - because sitting there, looking slightly beat up is Will, who holds his little one Ronaldo very close - then he is unattached from the wheelie, walked over to chair which is pulled out for him and made to sit down.

A plate is placed in front of him of the mussels and a glass of wine poured then the lackies who had brought him in, leave as he looks over to Will, who has picked up a glass of water and is sipping it quietly instead of the glass of wine that is close by to him.

"Eat, Dr. Lecter. You don't want the food going to waste do you." Mason says, making him tear his gaze from his renuited ***Lover*** and picking up one of them cracks it loudly, giving a smile at the Host of the table - ***a Predatory smile.***

He brings the mussel up to his lips, tilting it upwards and swallows it down then places the empty shell down on the plate, noticing how Will is watching as Ronaldo seems happy - but still scared because of Mason close by - at seeing his Papa again then the younger man asks him a question.

"How does it taste, Hannibal?"

"Bitter. Like....it is resenting itself from being eaten."

"At least the wine is satisfactory for some people. I'm more of whiskey person though. Have you tried it yet?"

Hannibal, shakes his head and brings it up to his lips, inhaling the fruity bouquet of the grapes that been taken from the vineyard and richness of it then lowers it back down, after detecting faint scent of the drug in it.

"No. I'm afraid...I lost my appreciation in wine. I don't...drink any alcoholic drink anymore."

Mason, who seems pissed off that is being ignored gives a cough making them both turn their heads to look at the vile, foul ***Pig*** and when two lackies reach to pull his little one away from Will, he is out of the chair to where Will and his son sit then stabs one of them in throat with the oyster knife, piercing it and the grabs hold of the other by their head, twisting it as a sastisfying crack echoes in the dining room.

He allows for the body of the lackie to fall to the carpet with a sickening thud, while the other one still alive he goes over to and bringing the heel of his foot up onto the oyster knife slams it down, causing a gurgled blood choked gasp come from the lackie then turns his face to Mason.

"You should really remember Mason, when you cage a Beast, the Beast gets angry. Especially...one as dangerous as me."

Location - Wolftrap - Will's House - Baltimore, Virgenia - 7:45pm

Will's P.O.V:

Hannibal, is sitting in of my armchairs close to the bed when I come around and weakly sit up against the headboard of my bed looking at how bruised he is....how broken he is then feeling tears fill my eyes, say the words....that I have to say to him.....to save him.

"I'm not going miss you. I'm not...going to look for you. I don't want to think about you anymore"

He looks at me, going to say something only to tremble slightly with the hidden emotion he has for me and gets up...wincing slightly due to the injuries he has then comes over to me, cupping my cheek one last time and bends down his head, kissing me on the lips gently.

"If you want your...answer, Will. I....was afraid...so afraid...of...being separated from the man I ***love*** and my only son. That is why...I ran away....that is why....I'm leaving you now."

He pulls away, trying to compose himself as tears form in his eyes and wraps his coat then turns his gaze to the doorway of the stairs that lead up to the other bedroom's, seeing Ronaldo, is standing there shaking his tiny head back and forth trying to deny his Papa is leaving him again.

Hannibal, goes over, picking up his little one and begins to whisper words to him - apologises for what he had done - then kisses the top of the boy's forehead and lowers him back down.

He walks to the front door, opening it steps outside onto the porch and that is when, I scramble out off the bed almost stumbling to one side then run out onto the porch, where I see him in the far distance walking in direction of the woods.

I begin to run, catching up with him and he turns fully around to face me, catching me as I fall into his chest then he falls backwards onto the snow with muffled thump, soon followed by me burying my face into the crook of his neck and shiver heavily with emotion plus the cold.

"I can't....I can't....Stay, Hannibal....Stay....with us."

He sits up, holding me close to him and sifts his head through my hair then both of us get up, heading back to the house then back inside, with Ronaldo rushing over to embrace us both as I quietly close the door behind us.

Sitting on the sofa, with the fire flickering in the hearth and Ronaldo, snuggled up against me as Hannibal, makes dinner in the kitchen I feel contented that he is here with me and his little one.

He soon comes back through, wiping his hands on a kitchen towel and over to us, making me smile softly up at him then he indicates it is time to eat. I gently nudge the little one, who scrambles off the sofa and heads over to the sitting room table, while I follow him then a chair is pulled back for me and sitting down in it, feel him take hold of my hand to kiss my knuckles gently.

"Hmm, your such a romantic."

Hannibal, smiles at me with corners of the eyes crinkling at the edges and slips away to bring through the dinner - a delicous meal that he has made for the both all three of us - then joins us at the table, sitting at the head of it.

He reaches over to squeeze my hand, making me do the same back and leans close to give me a light kiss as Ronaldo, giggles softly at the sight then pulls back from me, sitting back down and begin to eat.

Sharing a meal together - like a family.

"Let's make...love, Hannibal. It's been some time, since we've....been together, alone."

I say, quietly while the both of us now sit on the sofa and enjoying a small tumblr of whiskey with Ronaldo, now in bed upstairs fast asleep with his soft toys - the rabbit and the stag - then he places his tumblr down on the small coffee table, bringing his hand up to cup my cheek and leans close kissing me on the lips.

I kiss him back, pressing my chest closer to his and when it becomes bolder in our kissing, allow him to push me to lay on my back with him over me then begin to change postion each time, lips moving against each other's and flicking my tongue across his lips seek permission.

He allows it, soon entwining his tongue with mine in harmony as both of us breathe heavily through our nostrils and when he let's go to move to my neck, I gasp breathlessly tilting my head backwards with eyes fluttering close.

He starts to trail his lips up and down, while his hand starts to unbutton my shirt to fully expose my chest and he places a hand on it making me arch slightly into the heat of it then when he slides it downwards, I spread my legs more wider apart and he cups me through my jeans.

Hannibal, pulls up to look down at me and moves both his hand downwards to my belt then unbuckles it, followed by placing both his hands on my hips and looks at me seeking my permission to continue.

I nod in reply, allowing him to pull my jeans down along with my boxers and flicking my gaze to him, place my hands on his shirt then begin to do the same for him, dropping his clothes to the carpet.

He does the same with mine, placing them over his clothes and pulls me up into his lap then moves us onto the carpet in front of the fireplace - where after aquiring the lube - undulates his hips back and forth, slowly and gently into mine.

Rocking our bodies together as I cradle the back of his head and sift his hand through my hair.

It is ***Lovemaking*** between us.

Not Fucking each-other.....hard and rough.

Instead in way that is more intimate between us.

Both of us kiss softly, moving our lips against each-other and when he takes hold of the back of my head, speeding up his thrusts slightly that indicates to me he is coming close like I am then pulls me up off the floor, right into his lap moving my hips with both his hands to ride him as I place my hands around his neck.

"Haaa....I'm close....I'm....so...close."

"Haaa....I'm close....I'm....so...close."

Hannibal, grunts heavily when he hears those words gasped by Will, followed by knowing he is close...so close then looks up at the younger man, seeing the flushed face; mouth open in breathless gasps and sea-blueish eyes looking into his so says the words.

"I.....love you."

"I....know...Hannibal....I love you as well."

Whispered admission, between them both and he continues to undulate his hips back and forth, resting his forehead against his ***Lover's*** then his whole body tenses, followed holding Will close to him and hears a soft cry of pleasure come from.

Wetness spurts between their lower half's and thighs tightly clench around his waist at the sametime then they both slump each-other's hold, breathing labourly as sweat that had formed runs down both their bodies - tiny droplets that shine faintly in the firelight.

Will pulls back slightly to look at him, chest still rising and falling with him slipping out of the young man and hugs him closer, while both of them recover from what has transpired between them.

Love is powerful emotion. Especially...when people reconnect after being separated for so long.

PART 9 - Truths Come to Light

Author's Note - Me: Okay, confession time.....were all heading down the Emotional Angst Train and...I find out Jack Crawford as a second job in another TV series - CSI - so, I didn't expect that from Lawerence Fishburne. And yeah...some sex, at the beginning because....well Will needs some loving in a nice way from Hannibal.

Location - Wolftrap - Will's House - Baltimore, Virgenia - Morning - 5:34am

Will's P.O.V:

I knew it would be a matter of time before Jack, would come visiting to my house and it's just when I let the dogs out that his car pulls up in front of it then turn my face, when I feel Hannibal come up to me and place a hand on my shoulder.

"Whatever he says, Will....I did it because was not in control of my emotions."

"I know. It will also be about...me going to Florence, Italy without his permission. I didn't expect him to follow us both."

I stop whispering to him and kiss his cheek lightly, followed by allowing Ronaldo to come out then ruffle the top of the little one's head, messing up his hair making him giggle softly then whistle for the dogs to come back inside with a flurry of furry tails; barking and having to step out the way to avoid them.

"Will. Hannibal. We need to talk...in private."

Jack says, while I pick up the little one up and head inside with Hannibal, going into the kitchen as I head upstairs to the bedroom that had become Ronaldo's, where he allows me to place him down then Buster and Winston - who had become like best friends to him - come in to join him, so he has company.

"You stay here, while your Papa and I, talk downstairs with an old friend. Okay?."

"I'm scared, Uncle Will."

I kneel down so I'm eye-level with him and place my hand on his shoulder then decide to tell him as he picks up both his soft toys to hold.

"Do you want to know something? I'm scared as well, Ronaldo. But, being with you and your Father I can share my fears."

"Will you take long?"

"It will be only short questions then maybe will go for walk and I can teach your Papa to fish, hmm. Don't tell him...about the waders you found that I've brought for him."

He grins, hugging me again and nods in reply with that grin of his then goes to play with his soft toys, while I head back out closing the door beind me and head out onto the landing. I stand there for wee while at the foot of the stairs and listening to Hannibal's voice filtering up from the kitchen area just talking about what is happening that is not related to anything in Florence or what happened here.

"Who knew you make a good cup of coffee, Hannibal."

"It's all about the beans they use. The quality and....taste. I....just choose a coffee that appeals to everyone's tastebuds."

Hannibal says to the large black man, taking a sip of the coffee he has made for himself and...places one hand on the kitchen counter, waiting for the metophorical bomb to drop then turns his gaze to look out of the window.

His mind goes back to....Dimmond, who he had left behind in Florence, Italy and slepted with...while so emotional at the time then Will, coming him makes him come out of the memory, placing his coffee cup down on the counter.

"You okay. Is something wrong?"

He turns his face to look at his ***Lover,*** pulling him close to him and sighing softly, bringing one hand up to cradle the back of Will's head sifting through his hair then opening one of the kitchen drawer's gets out the small ring box.

"Jack, Could I have some privacy with Will, please?"

He asks Jack, who nods in reply - not noticing the and heads out onto the porch, leaving them both alone in the kitchen then slowly he opens the ring box, revealing the ring to Will to show him.

"Hmm, so that what's that you were hiding for me. Though....it's going to be funny, when we get married and...."

".....I place it around your finger. Then...of course, right here....when in the bedroom."

He hears Will, gasps softly when he cups the younger man through his jeans and pushes him backwards so he hits the other counter near the sink then still holding the ring, slides his hand downwards into the confines of Will's loose jeans and his boxers.

"*Haa....Slip it on, quickly."*

"Will you be able to control yourself or....will the desire to cum, overwhelm you."

"What's a little experimention worth? To confess though, Hannibal, I've....never tried it and...so go on."

Hannibal smirks softly, slipping it onto Will's cock and just as tease, strokes the tip of it feeling the wetness of pre-cum on it, before he pulls his hand back out, bringing it up to his lips lapping up the taste with his tongue then bends his head down to start trailing his lips up and down Will's neck, hitching one leg up around his waist as he starts to grind his hips into the young man's.

Will's P.O.V:

Hannibal, keeps on grinding his hips into mine as I lick my lips to wet them and shudder at the sensations traveling through me - while the pressure building within me is being blocked by the cock ring that feels like it is tightening around my cock - then try to silence my whimpers of pleasure, so Jack who is on the porch doesn't hear me.

I grind back against him, resting my forehead against his and when he shoots his hand straight into the confine of my loose jeans, slipping into my loose boxers followed by taking it off then I tense against him, cumming more intensely than ever in the confines of my boxers and look at him.

I flick my gaze to the closed kitchen door and lowering my leg from his waist, unbuckle his belt then he whirls me around, pulling my jeans down along with my boxers and looking at him over my shoulder, wait for him to do it.

He presses himself up against me, after coating his fingers in what had come handy at the time - some olive oil - and cupping me from behind slips them in and out, followed by kissing me as I kiss him back with equal fervour.

I begin to rock my hips back and forth into his hand, moan softly in the kissing at him stroking my inner walls inside then he presses a third finger inside, making me let of go his lips and move my hand to his, clasping it from behind.

"*Oh. Your going to make me cum if you continue that."*

"Maybe that's my intention. Watch you...lose control to me."

I feel him pull his hand away and pressing himself up against me, pushes into me as I tilt my head backwards onto his shoulder then he begins to move, sliding in and out of me, while I move one hand to hold his hip.

His head bends down to my neck, kissing it lightly and one hand holds my shoulder then he pulls away, turning me around and taking my jeans off, along with my boxers then lifts me up, while I wrap my legs around him and he pushes back into me.

He moves my body up and down holding the back of my head sifting through my hair as both of us rest our forehead against each-other's then because were so absorbed in it, both of us don't hear Jack coming back in but I do hear him stop mid-sentence.

"Will, I just....remember to...ask....."

Everything stills, because I hadn't wanted Jack to discover this and the kitchen door closes with slight thud then Hannibal, lowers his face turning it to one side away from me then goes to say something to me, only to close his mouth instead.

"How...fucking long?"

Jack says, not shouting it when I step out onto the porch with fresh clothes on and close the porch door behind me, grabbing my arm to pull me past the window to far end of the porch then places me up against the wooden wall, still holding my arm and almost pinning me to it.

"Jack, what I do in my private life is none of your concern. Look, what's the problem....me having a relationship with him?"

Jack, let's go of my arm and reaches into the inside of his coat pocket taking out some photos then sighing in certain way, hands them to me as I take them then begin to flick through them, seeing they show a murder scene - mutiple murders.

"This is why. Will, Hannibal Lecter.....is the Serial Killer we've been looking for. He's ***"The Chesapeake Ripper"*** and killed these Poliza, plus Curator of the Museum in Florence, Italy."

I hand him back the photos and just stand there on my porch, while he soon leaves in his car then slide down the wall of my house onto the porch floor, trembling at the new information he has given me.

I somehow manage to get up, walking numbly back inside and see Hannibal is standing in the doorway of the kitchen then comes up to me, placing both hands on my arms.

"You....hid....this from....me. Why? Why....cause me....more pain?"

"Will, my emotions....at the time...weren't....at the best. I lost control of myself and.....because I was truly afraid of losing you both."

I go to hit him, only to grab the back of his neck instead and pull him in for a kiss with tears filling my eyes then he pulls me closer to him, lifting me up in his arms and carrying me upstairs to what has become our bedroom.

Hannibal is not asleep, instead awake as Will, lays snuggled up against him snuffling gently as they lay under one of the blankets of the bed with their clothes laying in clothes basket then a creak of the bedroom door, makes him see it is Ronaldo.

Will, who must of sensed he is awake shifts and turns slightly to see the little one then pulls back the cover, getting out and picks the little one one up, whispering soft words to him.

He watches his ***Lover*** standing there in his boxers and grey faded t-shirt, holding the little one then slipping out of bed himself, goes over wrapping his arms around the younger man from behind.

"Can you not sleep, Ronaldo?"

His little one nods his head, looking up at him and reaches out for him with his hands so Will, hands his son....no he thinks now.....*Our Son*.....to him then indicates he is going downstairs to make some hot milk for the little one.

Will's P.O.V:

The kitchen is quiet and still, when I step inside the area and go over after placing one of the small lights on then get the milk out of the fridge; followed by putting the kettle on and getting a mug out then begin to make the hot milk for little Ronaldo.

What had Jack had shown me - the photos of who Hannibal had killed - makes think what else is Hannibal not telling me and taking the mug with me, head upstairs to the bedroom where he is sitting on the bed with little Ronaldo in his lap.

I hand him the milk, which he takes and holding it allows for the little one to drink then a noise makes us both tense and makes the dogs who have come into the bedroom lift their heads from the floor then Hannibal gets up off the bed, coming over to me and takes hold of me pulling me into a hug as Ronaldo comes up to hold us both in his own little hug.

"Look at me."

I lift my head, looking at him as he strokes a strand of hair from my forehead and gently, tucks it behind my ear then kisses me lightly on the lips, pulling away and stroking my cheek lightly with the back of his knuckles.

"No tears. Don't cry for me. The both of you, don't cry for me. Hold it in."

"Han...nibal...."

PART 10 - Four Walls of Interview Room and Three Walls and One with Glass Can't Keep One's Lover Trapped For Long

Author's Note - Me: Basically Hannibal making Chilton sqeamish and the man allowing for Hannibal to visit Will and his little one...for different days at certain times. (noticing Chilton who sitting at twriting desk is humming to hide his nervousness) Everything okay, Chilton? You look....a little hot under the collar there.

Chilton: It's the heat. Just the heat.

Me: Hmm, that's what Batman said after Catwoman licked his ear. Gotta love that old series of Batman with Adam West in it, if any on the old generation on Tumblr remember it.

Location - Baltimore, Virgenia - F.B.I. Science and Behaverial Unit - 7:45am

"Please state your full name and age."

"Hannibal Atroculus Lecter nee O' Cucci. I'm 47 years old."

Hannibal, in faded greyish prison clothes sits at the Interview Table with hands handcuffed in front of him and legs to the plastic chair - which is bolted to the floor - while attached to his chest is heart monitor patches which are linked to Polygraph Kit on the table.

"*Where were you born?"*

"Lithunia."

"Who is Mischa Lecter?"

"....."

"Hannibal Lecter, answer the question please."

"Was. She....was my Sister and....is dead."

"How?"

"She.....was murdered. I was only.....27 at the time, when it happened."

"Did you kill her?"

"....."

"I repeat the qeustion....Did you kill her?"

".....No.....She was murdered.....by....."

"By who?"

"IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!! DON'T ASK ME....TO RELIVE THE PAST OF THE MEMORY OF LOSING HER!!"

Hannibal, shudders with emotion after shouting those words and wraps his arms around himself making the chains attached to handcuffs clink slightly then begins to breathe in and out to try to

calm his heart-rate.

Jack Crawford, who is the one asking the questions is watching him gets out from a Crime File some photos of what had happened in Florence, Italy and begins to sort them in front of him on the table then places a photo in front of him.

He stares at in shock, wondering how had they gotten it and turns his face away from the sight - the sight in the photo of him with Anthony Dimmond in the Florence Apartment Bedroom when his Emotions had unstable - then more are placed down.

"Now, some new questions, Hannibal."

"Yes."

"What?!! Your admitting...to..."

"Yes. I had.....a brief sexual intercourse with the man in the photo, because my emotions.....at the time.....become unstable. I lost...control of myself, after.....leaving Will and my son behind."

"Why? Did you kill him as well?"

"No. I left him....went to the Plaza De Roma Chapel...after we had breakfast on the balcony and....."

"Do you ***love,*** Will Graham?"

Hannibal, knows that Jack is keeping an eye on the Polygraph monitor to see his reaction and goes to answer, only for the words to stick in his throat then a tear plips onto the table surface, betraying him.

"I thought as much. Hannibal Atroculus Lecter nee O'Cucci, you under arrest for the murders of The Curator of the Museum, Signor Critos; some of the Poliza de Roma and finally the other murders you have done here....as the Serial Killer - ***The Chesapeake Ripper.*** Do you have any last words?"

"Tell, Bella....she can't hide her Cancer from you for much longer. It will kill her, if left untreated and....trust me, you don't want your only thing you love in life to disappear, Jack."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. It's just something a friend is saying."

"You weren't my friend, Hannibal."

"I know. I know."

Location - B.S.C.H.I. - Baltimore, Virgenia - Hannibal's New Prison Cell - 11:23am

Three plain walls.

Bare, with no paintings or pictures on them.

To one side a adjoining door for the bathroom facilities.

A bed in the far corner of the large room, simple and with only a mattress and two pillows.

Large windows either side - to the left and right - with reinforced bars on them to stop people getting out or in to help whoever was trapped in this area.

Up above, high in the dome a circular window skylight allowing for either sunlight or moonlight to shine down onto a spot near large counter - which also acts as a eating table; kitchen counter and drawing table.

The fourth wall is glass - with bulletproof glass over it - and air holes in it, while to the right of the room in the far corner below the ever moving small black security camera is the mailbox.

Hannibal, just stands there with his hands clasped behind his back and staring straight in front of him then the double oak door's on the other side of the glass, open to reveal Dr. Frederick Chilton in his normal work suit then walks closer to the glass, flicking his eyes up and down.

"Frederick, new suit. Also, new aftershave....no....Ah, been talking to Freddie Lounds again, have we?"

"Zip it. How do you like your new home?"

"Needs decorating. Splash of colour....bit of ....crimsom, maybe."

"That won't get you anywhere, Hannibal. You certainly pissed a lot people in Florence...especially Detective Pazza of Poliza De Roma."

Hearing the name, coming from Chilton makes him sneer at the name and goes to say something, when he notices the figure standing in the shadows then takes a step backwards from the glass.

"Then tell Detective Pazza to stop skulking in the shadows and say what he needs to say."

Location - Wolftrap - Will's House - Baltimore, Virgenia - 7:23pm

Will's P.O.V:

Ronaldo, sits on the river bank edge with the dogs as I wade into the stream and flicking my wrist allow for the fishing fly on the rod to whip through the air then a plop in the water as it lands.

I listen quietly to water going past my legs; bird song coming from the trees around us and the dogs panting slightly in the sun then a tug on the line, makes me pull it to allow for a fish to come out splashing out the water with it's scales glittering in the sunlight.

After catching the some more fish, I place them in the cooler and snapping it close, smile at him as he tries to lift it then stepping onto the river bank edge walk with him as he holds one handle and I hold the other one.

Both of us walk down the forest path back to the house as the dogs run ahead, sniffing or leaving markers then coming around the corner, see the familar car of...the nosy, Miss Freddie Lounds and her standing next to it.

Reaching my own house, I tell Ronaldo to head inside and he nods silently in reply then place the cooler down on the ground, crossing my arms over myself and give her a look to imply "*What are you doing here?"* while she gives me a look.

"It's only to ask you a few questions, Will Graham."

"No, Freddie. The answer to you is No and I don't have time."

"Come on, Graham. Just one interview."

"No. And I mean it Freddie and I'll say it again I don't have time."

I walk away, heading up the porch steps and opening the porch inside to my own house, watching out the window as she drives off in her own car away from it then head into the kitchen, placing the cooler on the counter and getting out the fish place on the wooden cutting board, taking down the filiting knife.

Ronaldo, comes over to me and placing the knife down next to the fish, ruffle the top of his hair as he smiles up at me then knowing what he wants, reach up for the cookie jar on the top shelf and hand him two of them.

"Only two, You don't want to spoil your dinner."

"Uncle Will?"

"Hmm, what?"

"Love you."

"Love you to, Kiddo. Come here."

I kneel down to give him a hug and he hugs me back, after stuffing the cookies into his mouth like a chipmink then goes to play with his soft toys in the sitting room, while I go back to filiting the fish on the board.

After getting rid of the offal, I'm busy cutting the fish into small cubes to boil when I feel hands wrap around my waist and one of them, slip down to clasp my hand holding the knife then the other comes up to my chin, turning my face by it gently and....my heart skips a beat.

"Ha...nibal....What?!!! How!!?"

I place the knife down, turning fully around to face him and see it is him - I'm not dreaming - though he is in a prison uniform, so flick my gaze out to see the B.S.C.H.I Transport Van Orderlies are standing outside on the porch.

"I manage to convince Chilton, for conjugal visits. Different days that I'll be able to see you and....our son, Will at...different times."

"PAPA!!!?"

Ronaldo, who has spotted him comes running in and Hannibal picks him up immediatly allowing the little one to wrap his arms around his neck and bury his face into the crook of his neck then sits down on the stool near the kitchen counter, starting to talk to him.

"So, what did you today, Ronaldo?"

"Went fishing with Uncle Will."

"See any animals?"

"A deer."

I smile softly, remembering the sight as well and go back to finishing cutting the fish for dinner, just enjoying for this moment some time with Hannibal and....*our Son.*

After having dinner, I clear away the plates and take them to the kitchen sink, followed by rolling up my sleeves then filling with soapy water, turn my face when Hannibal comes into the kitchen.

"Do you want some help?"

"Sure. Washing or drying?"

"I do the washing, alright."

I nod moving out of his way and lean against the counter, taking a dry cloth then he rolls up his the sleeves of the faded grey prison outfit, soon starting to wash the dishes quietly and handing me the one's that need dried.

I place the dried ones in the drainage rack, feeling glad that the Orderlies have said they will pick him up in the morning and didn't really care what Chilton said if he found out - one of them saying "*A Father shouldn't be separated from his little one, even if he is a Serial Killer."* - then sigh softly, making him still in his washing to look at me.

"It feels so strange. The other Orderly asked if we were married because of the way you acted around me. I didn't know how to answer."

"I think you would look...nice wearing a wedding suit. We could invite Jack to witness the marriage."

"After him getting an eyeful...No...I don't think he will accept our invitation. Though when I was at his wedding, he picked Bella up and run out with her over his shoulder in a fireman's lift."

He laughs softly, going back to finishing the dishes and moving one hand into the water, smirking slightly flick water onto his cheek as he flicks one maroon eye to me then going back to drying the , when he flicks water at me this time.

I look at him, placing the cutlery in the rack and cloth on the counter then going behind him, wrap my arms around his waist and pull him flush against me, making the plate slip out of his hands then slip one of my hands between his thighs, cupping him through the prison suit trousers and hear him moan softly.

Feeling bolder, I slide it back up to soon unbutton it and he shrugs it off his shoulders then placing his hand on his chest, feel it rising and falling under the palm of my hand. I bend my head down to his neck, kissing it lightly as I trail my lips up and down it and moving my hand further down, slip it under the white tanktop to place it on his bare skin.

PART 11 - Working with Conjugal Visits and Sharing Time Together During those Times

Location - Wolftrap - Baltimore Virgenia - Early Morning - 5:23am

Will's P.O.V:

The sun filtering through a gap in the curtain, shining down on the bed is what wakes me as I just lay there under the duvet cover, feeling his hand slipping over my side to rest my chest and him raising up slightly to kiss my cheek, making me turn slightly to look at him over my shoulder.

"Hmm, Morning....What!!?.... Dammit, you wake me up at 5:23am. Your...."

He laughs softly at me, followed by me playfully whacking him with a pillow. As light revenge, he grabs hold of me, rolling me until he is between my legs then kisses me, breathlessly before I can say anything as I start to moan softly in the kissing, followed taking hold of the back of his head with one hand to sift it through his hair.

It would gone further, if hadn't been for little Ronaldo come bounding into the room, closely followed by all my dogs, making me laugh heavily with a smile on my face as he slips out of the bed, wrapping a night-gown around his body and heads over picking up ***our Son.***

"Hmm, you little rascal, aren't you? Come to check on Papa and Uncle Will, did you?" Hannibal says, spinning around with him in the bedroom and falling onto the bed, gently as I smile at the sight of it.

"Papa, I want you stay." Little Ronaldo says, causing my heart to clench painfully at the fact that this was only one of many Conjugal Visits that Chilton was allowing Hannibal and manage to compose myself, before Hannibal notices the way my face has changed expression then decide I need something to eat.

"I know, I want to stay as well, Ronaldo. But, any way, I'm hungry and needed something to eat. You wanting some breakfast as well?" He says, making ***our*** little one nod in reply and he gets up, allowing me to slip out of the bed, following them in my ruffled grey shirt and it seems - as I wasn't paying attention to what I put on last night for bed - my back to front boxers.

A typical morning, where the unexpected and ridiculous things happen to least someone in the Household.

Hannibal, knows Will doesn't want to him to be taken away again from him and now ***their Son -*** Ronaldo - while he makes breakfast in the form of pancakes; cups of coffee for him and Will and a glass of Orange juice for Ronaldo then gets the plates, placing the pancakes on them and carries them through, seeing Will is outside on the porch talking on his phone.

"Ronaldo, come and eat." He says to *their Little one,* who scrambles up from sitting on the floor and over to him, while he helps the little one into the chair then Will, who has finished the phone call comes in over to the dining room table.

"Is something wrong, Will?" Hannibal asks, his ***Lover*** who comes over to him and places a hand on his arm then leads him to the kitchen to talk to him, away from little Ronaldo.

The Little Killer

Chapter Summary

A funny story.

Mads: It's so tiny and…adorable.

Tiny Hannibal: What he just call me?

The large parcel is on the table, when Mads still half-tired after shooting the first episode of Hannibal Season 4 comes in, blinking as he looks at it then goes over, hearing the weird rustling noises coming from it.

"Who brought this in?"

He asks one of the Personal Assistant's, who shrugs their shoulders not seeming to know either and taking the lid of the box, he frowns when he sees the tiny little Hannibal Chibi – calmly sleeping, curled up among the soft packaging - then reaching his hand inside, he gently strokes its cheek making it give a small *"hmmm"* noise as it slowly flutters it's eyes open to reveal – those beautiful maroon eyes – then sits up, both hands rubbing it's eyes with both fists.

"Aren't you adorable."

"Huh!!! What…did you…just call me?"

The little Chibi, looks at him after lowering it's hands from eyes and immediately brings out very small knife, making Mads' eyes widen then reaches out for it, wincing slightly when he feels a slight prick followed by him pulling his hand back to inspect his finger, seeing a bead of blood forming then tiny hands grab hold of it, followed by small tongue lapping at the small bead in such a way, he manages to take the small knife off the Chibi.

Maroon eyes flick upwards to him, followed by the little one trying to reach for it and he moves his hand out the way, watching as the Chibi lunges to immediately bite into his finger making him grab the back of its head by its hair to make it let go only to pick up fully to bring it to his chest, making it let go as it frowns turning then letting go of his bit finger, turns to bury it's face into his chest, inhaling deeply his scent.

Sorting the box, he decides it is time to head home and still carrying the little Chibi in his hand, he heads out to the main car park where is own car is parked then gets in, placing the box on the passenger seat as he closes his door.

"Come on. I need you, to get back in the box."

"Mads…No…want to stay here, with you."

“I’m not abandoning you. I just need both hands free to drive.”

The little Chibi, shakes it’s head again at it him and he looks down at it, seeing how it is not wanting him to let it go at all.

When they finally to make it home, Mads, steps out of his car, with the little thing gently snuffling against his chest and carrying the box in one hand then heads up the garage steps to inside his house, when a noise like a small animal moving about makes him stop.

He turns his gaze to the packed up boxes, where going over he pulls them out of the way as something small like the Little Chibi in his arms then the little thing steps out of the shadows to reveal a tiny Creature Chibi.

Blind, unseeing eyes look at him and reaching with one hand, he holds it out as the Creature Chibi steps forward on it's cloven hooves then sniffs his hand, followed by looking at the Little Chibi, who has woken up.

Creature of the Forest of Taur- na- Fulin

Chapter Summary

Inspired by a pic by Rednoonsun on Tumblr of Hannibal meeting Fawn Will in the woods.

Fic Involves

- Hannibal is a killer in this fic, who stills murder the Rude and gets rid of them.

- Will is a Fawn, who lives in the Forest which he considers his home

- Both meet unexpectly when Hannibal chases his Prey into the Sacred part of the Forest

- Loosely taking ideas from a story by James Herbert called Once Upon a Time

- Will, keeps mostly to himself and does like killing people. But, will only to do it...if they threaten the Heart of the Forest - the Taur-na-Fulin Orchid

- Will, is the last of his species and of a Royal Line of Fawns

- Hannibal, becomes interested in him

- Slow burn romance; hurt and comfort; mild gore and blood moments and etc

- Inspired by a pic by Rednoonsun of Hannibal meeting Fawn Will in the Forest

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Explaining the Forest of Taur-na-Fulin and it's Creatures who Live There

NARRATOR'S P.O.V:

There is a tale written in a old bounded leather book, that rests in a large treehouse made out of large oak of a story that has never really one could say Dear Readers, seen the light of day as it's not your ordinary Fairytale that a Parent would read to their child.

Oh, no...this one is a dark tale filled with the story of a Forest called Taur-na-Fulin - a large expense of evergreens; oaks and hidden waterfalls where all manner of strange creatures lived and thrived. One's you would of course would say don't exist at all and are only myth.

*That is what Hannibal Lecter - **"The Chesapeake Ripper"** - thought when he stumbled upon this forest one fateful night, when the gate that keeps Human's from entering the Sacred part of the Forest suddenly opened with no explanation of why.*

Was it Fate, you may ask?

Maybe.

Whatever had prompted the Gate to open, that answer...sadly it would never be answered at all.

You see, only the Protector of the Forest of Taur -na-Fulin knows that answer and let's just say...he will not divulge how it happened first....because your only just beginning to read this story.

But, first....the Creatures of the Forest and other facts.

There are ***Nymph Sirens*** *- seducers of wary travelers in this Forest and will entice them to join them as Helpers, most of the travelers being Hunters with no families at all.*

Chee Chee - *a tiny sort of mixture of guina pig and seal pup, mostly found in the shallow pools while thankfully completely harmless.*

Driads *- Live in the abandoned mine wells and prefer to remain hidden from sight.*

Pixies *- nasty little things, that will try to nip and love playing pranks on people e.g Dyri, a little pixie friend of the Protector of the Forest*

Giant Boar *- bigger than a real one and related to the Ancient One's of Japan.*

Wolves *- Rare and sometimes seen in the mountain range further beyond the Forest, but will travel down to Sacred Part when time calls for it.*

Other facts are the Forest is like a maze, so it is pretty easy for anyone to get lost and not found there way out, until a few months later when they stumble back into the Human World

Their are traps in the form of living Thorns, which can constrict and kill a normal Human being like a Boa Constrictor does and dangerous plants, which pretend to be edible when they are not.

The Protecter *- Is a Fawn. Cares for everything and everyone in the forest. Abhors killing people and protects as well the very Heart of the Forest.*

Heart of the Forest: *This is The Tuar-na-Fulin Orchid, which rests somewhere in the Forest and it's location only he knows where it is kepted.*

It said according to Myth that it can bring people back to life; turn back time to certain event, so that person can do anything to change it or even predict who is one's Soulmate.

So, now...let us turn the page of this leather bounded book and begin our tale of how a Human and a Fawn met, setting off a chain of unexplainable reactions that only this book would show the Truth and nothing but the Truth.

PROLOGUE:

ONCE UPON A TIME.....

A full moon is hanging low in the sky, over the top of the treelines making the branches of them look like withered hands trying to ensnare weary travelers into their grasps then a disturbance, comes from the shadows followed by someone stepping out into the moonlight, wearing a strange suit over another fine clothed suit.

It reflects the moonlight, plus the scattered blood droplets and yet, the person who wears it is not bothered by what is on his plastic suit at all then looks over his shoulder at the body of his ***"Prey"*** who lays dead with paraxyosm of shock and horror on his face.

The cooler lays ready, so turning fully around Hannibal Lecter, kneels down and placing the tip of his scalpel against the flesh of the ***"Prey"*** slices into the skin - like a knife through butter - peeling the skin to make the wound deep enough to access what organs he needed to harvest for tonight's Dinner and for of course the Dinner Parties that he hosted back in Baltimore, Virgenia at his large House.

He is absorbed in doing his task, he doesn't sense the presance watching him, hidden from his sight. But, does smell the strange earthy, musky scent that comes from them making him inhale deeply as his nostrils flare slightly and placing what he had harvested in the cooler then a noise next to him, on the long fallen tree trunk resting on a boulder overgrown with moss and lichen.

The smeel - earthy, mixed with musk plus something else - makes him turn his face, followed by staring at the sight in front of him. A Creature, associated with Greek Myth sits on the tree trunk with one hooved leg hanging down, while the other rests on the tree trunk and their hand resting on their knee.

He notices that the Creature as startling sea-bluish green eyes with a faint hint of gold rimmed around the edges of them and aorund the waist a piece of rope, with pouches tied to it, along with a crude, but probably very effective hunting knife then of course the horns on the head.

A Fawn. The Creature was a Fawn.

"Your in my Hunting Grounds, Human. May I ask why?"

PART 1 - A Gift is Given to One Hunter, From Another Hunter and Finding out Information 7 DAYS LATER

Hannibal, wonders what he had seen in the Forest, during his harvesting of his ***"Prey's"*** organs had been either a figment of his imagination or had been something real then goes back to cutting the liver into thin, fine strips so it can cooked and fried with oil and herb from his Herb garden.

He is so busy thinking about it, he accidentally slices his own finger slightly and placing the knife down, he brings it up to his lips tasting the iron tang of his blood then another smell - the musky, earthy smell - fills his nostrils, making him turn fully around to look out of his large kitchen windows.

Picking up the knife, he holds it close and hiding it in the crook of his sleeve then heads to the garden door's sliding one of them open as he steps out onto the porch into the cold night.

Listening quietly, he listens to the silence around him and yet, that smell - the musky, earthy smell - comes from the shadows of the trees in his large garden then notices the flecks of crimson petals on the crisp white snow, which makes him step off the porch to follow it.

The musky, earthy smell fills his nostrils this time more poignant and also the smell of blood is more stronger, when he walks under the large shadows of the towering trees that grow in his garden

then finally arrives at where the main source is.

Crimson petals, are scattered about spread around the ***"Prey"*** who's head lays at unnatural angle with the ribcage split wide open to reveal growing inside flowers - Narcissus; Lillie's; Deadly Nightshade; Foxglove and other poisonous plants - then among one flower that Hannibal, knew from when Mischa when she had been alive would show him.
A Lady Slipper's Orchid.

He falls onto both his knees in front of the body, appreciating the beauty of it and how it been made by the other Hunter - who had dedicated his time to make it - then a single tear runs down his cheek, because it reminds him of her so much to plip onto the ground in front of him.

More tears follow to plip onto the snow, trickling down his cheeks in thick rivulets and reaching out with one hand he brushes the Orchid's petals, remembering her gentle, childlike smile while they played in the hay fields, below Lecter Mansion as Farmers collected the cut hay.

It was a Gift to one Hunter to another. It meant he would have to plan what to Gift to give to the strange Fawn with sea-bluish green eyes in the Forest.

"Hannibal, is that you? I didn't expect to see in this section of the Library."

Hannibal, busy flicking through a Greek Mythology book lifts his head to look up, seeing it is Alana Bloom - a young woman, who he knew from his days when he had been a Surgeon at John Hopkin's Hospital and she had been studying Psychology - then sits down in the empty seat in front of him.

She indicates if she can have a look at the book, he is looking at and turning it shows our the picture of the Fawn in the relaxed pose as the creature sleeps among poisonous flowers with a description underneath.

"The Legend of the ***Protector*** of the Forest of ***Taur-na-Fulin.*** Hannibal, what has made you look this up?"

"Inquistive as ever, Alana. I'm planning something."

"What is it?"

"That would spoil the surprise."

PART 3

"So, you're planning a Dinner Party, are you? Inviting anyone?"

"I haven't thought about quests at the moment."

"Them maybe I can introduce to one. Will Graham, Professor of Mythology and Symbolism in Crime."

Both are now walking in Baltimore's Central Park, with her arm in the crook of his as he keeps one of his hands in woolen coat and the other by his side then stops, turning to face her slightly when he hears the name she says.

"Will Graham? Is he one of your Student's, Alana or an acquaintance of yours?" Hannibal asks, intrigued now to discover who was this mysterious Professor that had suddenly appeared from nowhere then she smiles softly at him.

"He was a Student. But, he was involved in a car accident and is confined to a wheelchair, because of it."

This information, makes him indicate for her to continue talking as they walk past the large Baltimore Central Park Lake, where some swans are on the water being fed by an old couple then keep on walking, looking to some people like they were an ordinary couple.

She tells him, that Will Graham is different from most people. Can keep the Students interested and hooked enough they came out with Honor Degrees or Brilliant Published Essays. Keeps mostly to himself, living in a house in Wolftrap near the Forest with seven rescue dogs – all adopted – and far as she knows as never married.

He is 35 years old. Younger than Hannibal, who is 47 years old and reaching the hurdle of 50…but not for another 3 years at least. Still plenty of time to kill…enjoying the Fruits of One's labor one could say before putting ***"The Chesapeake Ripper"*** to rest for ever.

"He doesn't like eye-contact for some reason. It unnerves him. He gets edgy if people do it to him and will leave before they even got a sentence out." She says, finishing the talk about Will Graham as they finally reach the car park, after coming full circle around Baltimore Central Park.

"Maybe, it would be better if you introduce me first to him. So, I don't go inviting him to this Dinner Party of mine, without seeing what he looks like." He says, making her give small *"Hmm"* meaning she will get back to him about that then reaches up, because he was taller than her – she only came up to his chin - lips, peck his cheek lightly.

When she pulls away, he smiles softly down at her and watches silently as he heads to her car then heads to his own, getting in and closing the driver door. He sits there, going over the information that Alana has told him and starting the engine, pulls out of the parking space knowing what the Theme for the Dinner Party will be now.

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It is night-time by the time, Hannibal arrives back at his Baltimore home and steps inside the darkened house, heading to the kitchen area where he switches the light on dimming it low so the neighbours across the way didn't complain again about his bright lights waking them up, when technically it was just them trying to get rid of him - their neighbour, who they believed was up to no good only not to be able to proof it - then placing the shopping bags on the table, begins to take out the shopping, sorting them quietly.

A noise behind him, makes him still turning his face slightly and listening hears only the wind chimes being played by the gentle breeze outside, while rain hits the tilted roof to run down onto the garden patio, goes back to placing where the shopping needs to go in necessary locations and

heading over to the freezer opens it getting out some of the ***"Meat"*** for the dinner tonight he would be having.

That is when he stills, one hand holding the freezer door frame and turns his face to look at the now open garden door's - well one of them - seeing it is the Fawn, he had seen in the forest in Wolf-trap, with water plipping onto the polished kitchen floor as the strange creature in front of him shivers due to the cold. He heads into the airing cupboard, grabbing one of the large towels - he can use - and heads back through, going over to the Creature.

The Fawn, says nothing while he now calmly dries it's body with the large towel and it sits on one of the kitchen stools beside the kitchen island, keeping it's gaze turned away from him then satisfied he has managed to dry the Fawn off, places the towel in the wash-basket and goes over to the fridge, getting out the heart of a ***"Prey"*** he had collected before he had got back home and places it on the counter next to the Creature.

He steps back, waiting seeing how the Fawn is assessing every move he makes - every footsteps, every breath he softly takes and the way his eyes stare at them - then it begins to untie the string of the brown wrapped paper and looks staring at the heart. It flicks his gaze to him, soon covering it and before he knows it is slammed against the wall with a knife-tip digging into the hollow of his throat, drawing blood.

The small crimsom bead trickles downwards, followed by being lapped up by the Fawn and he stays still feeling the raspiness against his bare skin with his eyes fluttering close then it pulls back, talking for the first time.

"Disgusting. Too much iron." They say to Hannibal, who calmly gets out a handkerchief to dab the blood away and sighs softly at the words.

"How would you know? I'm the first Human, you've ever met and you've been in isolation in that forest for a long time."

"Don't try to read me like that. I don't consider the heart, a gift. I need something else....I need your ***Ripper*** to come out and play."

Hannibal tenses at the word - shocked at the creature knew what he was and he was - stepping forwards and glaring at the creature who stands their ground in front of him then snarling grabs the back of their head, smashing his lips into their's brutally and dominating, causing them to do something which makes him cry out and let go of them, wincing suddenly as he notices they slashed his pant leg, scarring his leg slightly.

"Your first scar from me. You have to earn your right to do that again, Human. But first will exchange names. You first?"

"Hannibal Lecter."

"Lithunian. I suspected as much, from your accent. ***Tyruras**** and remember I want the ***Ripper*** to come out and play."

"What's to stop me from killing you right here, right now? I could do it, rip you apart and break you beyond repair then fix you again."

Tyruras - even if were his real name, which Hannibal highly doubted was - steps forwards, shooting one hand out and grabbing his leg, squeezing it right over the small wound making him arch his back, gritting his teeth at the wave of intense, excruciating pain that travels through him numbing his senses.

"You know, I could strip you right now and take you. Mount and fill you, until your begging underneath me."

"I don't beg."

"Will see. Will see, Hannibal Lecter. Because when the time comes, you will be begging me for mercy to let you release and you might want to sort that problem down below, when I'm gone."

PART 4

"Will see. Will see, Hannibal Lecter. Because when the time comes, you will be begging me for mercy to let you release and you might want to sort that problem down below, when I'm gone."

Those words re-echo and echo in Hannibal's mind as he stares up at the ceiling of his large bedroom, shuddering with the fact ***Tyruras* (****fake name for Will)* had managed to make the first move on the Mahjong board with such accuracy he already lost three pieces.

The Fawn, knew his secret that he was the ***Chesapeake Ripper*** somehow and also, wanted him to do what it had done - kill someone and make them into a display.

He knew the perfect ***Prey.***

“The Ripper Bride of Crete” loosely based on “The Corpse Bride” by Tim Burton.

Chapter Summary

For Treacle-a on Tumblr and this here as well.

All was quiet and steady, like when a ship is moored at a private dock to a villa on top a cliff as Will, stands behind Hannibal with his eyes closed wondering should he ask the question. He had brought the ring, when they had arrived at the Island of Crete in a small boat named *“Leda”* then the older man, turns his face away from the painting - allowing for strand of his hair still damp from the shower to fall near his right eye - to look at him over his shoulder.

“Will, is something wrong?”

The man asks him, making him shake his head as gets out the black ring case and opening it, takes out the ring with the inscription on it then taking hold of the Hannibal’s hand he slips it onto the man’s ring finger.

“No, nothing is wrong. I just wanted to ask you something.”

“Say it.”

A quiet whisper, followed by Will taking a deep breath as his heart pounds against his ribcage then asks softly, voice so faint it is like a gentle breeze ruffling the top of the trees.

“Hannibal, will you marry me?” He waits, silence stretching while outside leaves - Autumn leaves of yellow, orange and red - swirl in the gentle breeze like dancers.

“Will...Yes, I’ll marry you. I’ll marry you and become your husband.”

A smile rises and Will clasps Hannibal's hand in his…. feeling finally at peace.

At peace.

Hannibal, allows for Will to clasp his fingers, while they now walk through the Art Gallery Garden with the sun filtering through gaps in the trees to shine in certain spots on the ground.

He feels like he is in a dream almost, due to what has just transpired and stops making his Husband - to- be stop as well and come up to him, with a hand coming up to cup his cheek lightly.

A thumb strikes his cheekbone lightly and he turns his face to nuzzle his nose into smelling the faint scent of oranges on Will's wrist then inhales deeply with a soft moan escaping him.

"You smell divine, Will."

"Hmm, do you like it? It's a new aftershave I brought."

"Yes."

A grin splits on the younger man's face and he is pulled closer so he can be lightly kissed on the lips. It is gentle, sweet and loving as he brings his arms up to place around Will's neck.

It is just them, alone in the garden with no-one else around to disturb and when he pulls back to look at the young man…. he soon rests his forehead against Will's while hands rest on his hips. It is so peaceful, he hopes nothing will disturb the moment. Nothing.

"You alright, Hun? Need any help."

The wedding shop assistant asks Hannibal, while he waits for Will to finish choosing what they would be wearing for their wedding.

“No, thank you. I’m just waiting for my fiancé to choose something. Excuse me.” He replies, seeing Will is indicating to him to come over to the dressing room and inside, where they both go to the end dressing cubicle.

Stepping inside, he frowns noticing the suit…but why a white wedding dress with white chiffon around the collar and the sleeves, while going horizontal across it are black laced roses mixed with blood red and orange like passion fruit colours.

It was a male wedding dress - for male-male couples if they had a certain preference - then Will, slips inside behind him and smiles softly.

“Before you ask. Yes, it’s tailored and I measured you, while you were looking at a small statue of "Kiss and Courting of Death” - that fits your morbid and fine taste.”

The younger man, whispers in his ear and willing his heart to calm itself, Hannibal begins to peel of his suit, followed by blushing heavily when he is shown the La Perla Midnight Blue lace knickers and tights that go with it.

The male wedding dress is soft as a kimono silk against his skin, while lifts his face to look at himself in the long mirror, after sorting the lace tights plus clips that attach them to the lace knickers - that now encompassed his sex - then sees that it has been split near the hip to allow for walking or running in case something came up.

Then the veil, same floral lace motif of roses repeated almost to his imagination like a crown of thorns or antler’s then it is placed over his face, followed by Will placing both his hands on his shoulders gently.

“You look so beautiful, Hannibal. Do you like it?”

“It…It’s perfect, Will. So, perfect.”

He turns fully around to face the man and allows for the veil to be pulled upwards so a kiss can be given then both decide it is time to get what they come for.

(TIME SKIP)

Hannibal, looks once more again at the ring on his finger, with the tiny inscription on the underside “Conjoined in Soul and Body. Yours’s W.L.G (Will Graham Lecter)” then begins to get out the ingredients for Supper.

At the same time, he is doing that, he switches on the radio to the Classical Music where the first strands of “Ch'ella mi creda” from the Opera “La Fanciulla del West” song by a singer with a “*Cantus mas” - (*info: male singing voice. The 17th century vocal art form “Bel Canto” used to master seamless transition between voice registers) - voice, making him continue cooking while it continues.

He feels happiness, that he is getting married to the young man he has loved ever since they had fallen off the cliff together and a giddiness like a teenager when they go to kiss someone they like.

Outside, the sun is beginning to set over the horizon making the wispy clouds that have stretched across the sky soft tones of peachy pink, buttercup yellow and lavender lilac colours and in the vegetable plot, he can see Will is busy checking the border for pests or any one’s that can be used for later in a meal.

Everything is calm and peaceful.

(TIME SKIP)

Sadly, unknown to Will and Hannibal out on the ocean a storm is brewing and bringing with it the people who will never forget that when you make a promise…you keep that promise.

PART 1 (Above was Prologue. Now we begin the story, fully)

The sun is filtering through a gap in the curtain, while Hannibal sits on the sofa, with Will as both, enjoy some time together in the large sitting room the sea-cliff house.

A piece of some French bread that his fiancé has made, with some goat cheese spread on it is soon brought up to his lips and gently, he takes a bite of it savouring it then fluttering his eyes open, picks up some olives, pressing them softly against Will's lips, watching as the fine lips open to receive them.

Leaning close, he tentively brushes his lips against them feeling in the process is bottom lip quivering and he is pulled closer, so both their chests are flush against each other's then a hand cups his cheek, followed by them both starting to kiss gently with lips moving softly against each other's and changing position each time.

Never has he felt this way, before with anyone – past flings being a sham and with just the person, who he had chosen to go out only pretending so they could brag to their friends they had been with the famous Dr. Hannibal Lecter – and presses himself more against Will, giving a soft moan of pleasure, when their kiss becomes bolder with tongues entwining in harmony inside and outside their mouths.

Never has he felt so heated up before, his body feeling little tongues of flame are caressing his skin and letting go to breathe, rests his forehead against the younger man's, with his face flushed; pupils expanded and lips swollen then goes in for another kiss, placing both his hands flat on Will's chest.

A hand sifts through his hair, softly and the other holds his hip, massaging circles into it then the front doorbell ringing, makes the both tense and pulling back frowns at the sound.

"Hannibal, does anyone know were here?"

"No. This a private residence and for anyone to get in they have to buzz the gates."

Both get up, when the doorbell rings again and grabbing a penknife, Hannibal slips it into his sleeve of his shirt then heads to the door, keeping the hand hiding the weapon behind his back and opens the door, keeping the chain on.

He sees that a car has pulled up front of the house, while he sees a figure is leaning against it and recognises it has Jack Crawford – wearing a black hat, long brown coat and a scarf wrapped around his neck to no doubt cover the scar – then looks a Will, who places his forehead against his.

“Shh, everything is going to be alright. You don’t look like what you did before and so he won’t recognise you.”

“I don’t know, Will. If I get closer to him, he may see through me. I…. don’t want to….be separated from you again.”

He gulps heavily, with that admission and notices how sea-blueish widen at the words then he is turned around, placed up against the wooden doors with both arms being taken hold of.

“You’re afraid to lose me, Hannibal. You’re afraid will be separated and you’ll never see me again. You’re afraid of……dying alone without me.”

Hannibal, nods in reply feeling tears form in his eyes and wraps his hands around Will’s neck to soon bury his face into the crook of the young man’s neck, while trembling with emotion.

Never has he felt so emotional before. Usually keeping his emotions to the bare minimum and making sure none were shown when it came to be getting rid of his victims then pulls back to compose himself, wiping the tears away.

“I’ll be in the kitchen or garden if you need me.”

He says, sliding away from Will and heads to the kitchen, closing the door behind then leans against it for support as he wills his heart to calm itself.

Hannibal, breathes in softly the scent of the herb patch as he picks the necessary herbs and tends to the roses that grow nearby, inhaling deeply their scent that calms him for now then clips some, placing them in the basket along with the herbs.

He looks to the porch, where Will is talking to Jack and the man having no idea of course in front of him was the man who had used to help solve crimes – his F.B.I. profiler Will Graham – then picking up the basket, he heads to the kitchen door when Will calls him over.

He keeps his head lowered, acting like he is shyer of the two and reaching the porch, allows himself to be pulled closer then a hand takes the basket off him and places it near the wicker chair, feeling lips peck his cheek.

"My fiancé is rather shy, due to a traumatising incident that occurred to him a long time ago and is still getting used to people, Agent Crawford."

"I understand, Mr. Janus Runis. Congratulations on your engagement."

The retired head of the F.B.I Behavioural Science and Investigating Unit, says and Hannibal, flicks his gaze up to Will, who smiles at him then kisses his forehead, handing him the basket back to him.

He heads into the kitchen, placing the basket on the kitchen counter and takes out the herb pickings along with the roses, placing them down then winces slightly, when he gently pricks himself on one of the thorns.

A bead of blood wells up from the cut, making him lower the roses and look at it - the small crimsom pearl – reminding him of the time, when he tested the fish hook all that time ago in Will's house in Wolftrap.

He heads over to the sink, washing the cut under the tap water and watching silently the pink swirling around the drain hole then reaches into the one of the kitchen drawers to get out a plaster, when a creak upstairs makes him still as he flicks his gaze up to the roofbeams.

Hannibal, without any shoes on watches from the shadows quietly as young woman with long brown hair tied back and almost looking like Miriam Lass, checking everything then comes to final drawer, locked of course for reason.

In there was a drawing book, with pictures of Mischa and other people from his life – who he had chosen to help and protect from far worse people who were hurting them – then the young woman, begins to look around for the key searching every crevice for hidden area – where he could have hidden it.

A Prodigy by the way, she held herself and the fact she displayed traits that in the past she had lost someone very dear to her – not her Mother, but her Father – then of course was the scent – a faint smell of perfume Estee Lauder.

She passes the place he is hiding in the shadows of a large painting, which opened to reveal a passage which lead down to an underground which lead to a trapdoor in the old garden shed that was coated in plant life; weeds and roses that had grown up against it.

It was well hidden; the garden shed by the trees of the garden and could also be accessed through the small maze – if you knew of course how to get through it.

She wouldn't find the key of course, it had been lost a long time during his incarceration at the B.S.H.C.I and steps out without making any sound, walking over to the armchair near the large windows with the curtains pulled to allow for light to flood into the bedroom.

He sits quietly down, crossing one leg over the other and resting his hands on his lap, while she turns fully around to inspect the whole room then soon spots him, stumbling backwards and crashing conveniently for him into one of the many vases that both him and Will hated – as it had belonged to the previous occupants, who had mysteriously vanished one rainy, stormy night.

Knocking it off the bedside table where it soon smashes to the floor and a muffled thump, when she collapses on the carpet then there is stillness, while he calmly gets out of the armchair and goes over to her.

He kneels down, placing two fingers to her pulse and helping her to stand up then leads her over to the armchair, helping her sit down then goes over to the drink decanter, pouring a glass of water.

The Chesapeake Ripper Phantom of the Wolf-trap Opera

Chapter Summary

Based on a Tumblr Prompt about the Phantom of the Opera and mixing it with Hannigram. So..I give.you..this.

Footsteps echo of an antique polished floor, while a black cape raises up in the air as the wind coming through the old Wolf-trap Theatre's shattered ornate windows - with stained glass depicting images of fallen angels; people screaming and death incarnate - as the man continues to work, the half-moon mask covering the scar on the right-hand side of his face.

Hannibal, breathes in - inhaling deeply scent of musty dust that clings to the Old Theatre's seats; a hint of faint perfume or cologne and something else - like a presence had chosen to ascend into his Lair.

He walks up to where the large blood-red curtains, with the faded golden swirls on them and rips that look like claws of large Beast has tried to tear them down, are then comes to the wings of the of the Stage, seeing as he pulls back the curtain with one delicate hand covered by the white glove with his initials embellished on it.

A young man with curly brown hair, is sitting in the front row just looking around at what had once been a grand building in its prime and keeps on watching as other people, saying the man's name as he watches with keen interest at this person…who has dared to step in his Lair then they turn, looking straight at the spot where he is behind the curtain.

The young man, looks at him with widened light hazel eyes and bringing up a finger to his lips, Hannibal quietly tells him *"Shh, don't tell them I'm here"* in a silent communication between the two of them then the young man is being led away by another woman as he hears her says a name.

"Will, come on. This place is creepy."

"I'm coming."

The young man, gives one last look as Hannibal, just keeps himself hidden in the curtain's shadow - away from the sight of the other person, the female - then he is finally alone again, with his thoughts now thinking of the young man.

What he would be like to talk to? Be friends or something more with?

Could he *Love* again, after all the *Events* that had happened in his *Life?*

Only the *Stars* could give him…an answer to that.

He had hint that…the young man *"Will"* would be back again to his Lair.

PART 2

Will's P.O.V:

I don't know what has made me go back.

Maybe it had been the sight of the strange man with the white mask on his face; how he brought one delicate hand up to *"Shh"* me as he hid behind the curtain and how something about him made me want to find out who was he; where had he come from and why did he stay in the old Opera House.

I come out of the memory of it, when I finally reach the back-stage door, after coming through the abandoned ***Rose Garden*** that I had once seen beautiful pictures of it in it's heyday and push the door open with some difficultly then slip inside the gap I've made, looking up at the stairs.

A light-bulb above my head, flickers off and on as it swings to and fro - like a swing - and begin to ascend into the back area, where the changing rooms; toliets and costumes.

Hannibal, stares at his reflection in the makeup mirror and looks at himself then covers it with both his hands, trembling softly with tears filling his eyes then begins to cry softly.

It had been a long time since the accident that had occured here in the Opera House. If only he hadn't fought with Mischa and she would still be alive today .....safe in his arms, while they lived in small house on the outskirts of town.

He lowers his face, suddenly seeing caught in the mirror the reflection of the young man - ***Will*** - making him whirl around in the chair, placing the mask back on then waits still sitting there, while the young man steps into his Dressing Room with caution and keeping his face lowered.

"I;m sorry. I heard crying.....from somewhere and...came to investigate it."

He says nothing, yet, instead takes in the details of the young man - he was skittish like a newborn faun getting used to the big world and sea blueish -green eyes widen slightly when he reaches up with a white gloved hand to tilt his chin up so he can see his face and finally he is revealed properly.

"Beautiful. Like Adonis in living form."

A heavy blush rises on the young man's cheeks and getting out of the makeup chair, Hannibal steps closer showing he is slightly talller with the young man only coming up to his chin then wipes his gloved thumb over soft, unkissable yet lips causing a soft gasp to come from***.....Will.***

He trails the thumb back and forth, watching silently as bottom lips quiver at the touch and eyelashes flutter then bringing his other hand snakes it around the young man's waist, pulling him flush against his chest that hands soon go to his chest for support.

Both look at each other - Maroon into sea blueish green - and cupping the young man's cheek, bends his head down soon covering those soft, unkissable lips tentively to test his reaction then pulls back, seeing how ***Will....***is curious and so, bends once more.

The kiss soon becames bolder, with Hannibal changing postion each time and tilting his jaw up and down in way that soft moans escape from the young man's mouth then lifting him up, he carries him over to the chaise lounge still intact - not dusty, because he always cleaned it. - and lays him down.

Will's P.O.V:

"Beautiful. Like Adonis in living form."

Those words....the Masked Man - Hannibal as he was called - had said to me, echo and re-echo in my head as I lay in his arms with my head on his muscular bare chest covered by a slightly downy of grey hair, while on the floor are both our clothes in a heap.

We only touched each-other - feeling our bodies to ascertain what we liked and didn't like - as I remember he forbid me from removing the half moon shaped mask that he wears on the right hand side of his face so had left it.

But, why was he....afraid of letting me not see what had happened to him?

Would he think...I would reject him harshly and abandon him to die in this place?

I lift my head to look down at him, staring at the white starkness of the half moon mask against his pale, normal skin and moving up slightly, place my lips against the cheek of it - feeling the coldness of it - then pull back, seeing he had been awake and watching me.

"Sorry, I....just.....want you to know. I won't leave you....if you show me why you hide your right side of your face....and reject you because of it. I.....don't abandon people, ***Hannibal.....***I care for them."

I wait for him to reply, only for him to sit up and pull me into his lap then he reaches into a drawer getting out some Lube - which is thankfully in date - and uncaps it, followed by dipping his fingers in it.

"Can you promise me that, ***Will?*** Can you....promise to not abandon me, like....I was before by others?"

I manage to nod in reply to him, because soon fingers coated press inwards down below make me arch my back slightly then begins to slide them in and out, stretching and probing to prepare me.

Feeling my thighs quiver, indicating I'm going....to release, I grab his hand where it is to tell him that if he continues I'll....cum and he pulls his hand away, replacing it soon with his...cock....pushing it upwards and into me.

Both his hands hold my hips, until he is fully sheathed within me and feel a hand take hold of the back of head - sifting through my hair - then begins to move, undulating his hips up and down watching every expression I make.

His other hand rests on my back, while I gasp softly in the silence of his Dressing room and allow him to lay me down among the chaise lounge pillows, getting over me then pulls up slightly, still moving within me and increasing his thrusts jolting me up and down on it.

Never have I felt this way....and start to move my hips in sync with his then reach a hand up slowly, placing it on the mask noticing how he pulls back slightly like he is still afraid do let me and yet, instead does it himself.

Keeping the scarred side of his face to one side and bringing my hand up, I turn it by his chin so I can see his whole face then just stare at it - the indications he was badly scarred by fire and something sharp, while his right pupil is milky white and unseeing.

I pull him down, kissing him gently his forehead; eyelids; left cheek and finally his right cheek feeling him tremble softly against me when I do so then pull back, cupping both his cheeks with my hands.

"It's okay.....I don't hate it. Keep making ***love*** to me."

He covers me once more, getting over me and wrapping my legs around his waist then kiss him again, allowing the sensations of our ***Lovemaking*** to overwhelm the both of us.

Detective Hannibal AU

Chapter Summary

Saw a prompt and turned it into something.

PROLOGUE - Keep your Friends Close, But Your Enemies Closer

Nigel Lecter aka Detective Hannibal's brother, had been prison ever since he put in their by another cop - Will Graham, loyal puppy and partner to his Brother - due to Nigel being in the wrong place at the wrong time. How the hell could he protest his innocence, unless of course he got out of prison and went to Hannibal.

Joined with the Enemy as they were bitter rivals being of course Twins and getting up off the bed in his cell, looks out of the barred window of it then blows smoke from his cigarette into the cold, night air just as one of the cell bars eroded from age chooses at the convenient time to fall at his feet.

Freedom is seemed has just arrived. Now all he had to was get his Brother out into the open.

PART 1 - The Rookie and the Detective

Hannibal, likes to drive fast through the city of Baltimore, Virginia because of his other half the Night-racer - The Chesapeake Ripper - as Will - his rookie and partner - is in the passenger seat panicking because it is first time being with experienced Detective like Hannibal.

"Can't you slow down a wee bit? Were going a bit fast."

"That's the point, Rookie. I'm speeding because Jack's waiting for us."

The Chef's Helper

Chapter Summary

Ratatouille AU, where Hannibal has Remy help him cook at day and murder at night. Inspired by some artwork I found a while back.

Prologue

Moonlight shines down on the water, under the large bridge in Paris, France as Hannibal Lecter sits on the wall waiting silently…..for a small, furry friend of his.

A shadow seeming to lengthen in size, each time as a distinct creature – a Rat. But not a just a plain old Rat, this was Remy who knew more about cooking than his other Rat family did ever since discovering when a small ratling, growing in small cottage in the countryside of Gameny, French he had discovered his passion to cook – the first experiment of course on how to cook an edible mushroom on a stick and lets just ended up a little bit singed by lightening.

In the distance, past the bridge he sees the familiar figure he been looking out for.

Hannibal, waiting hears the clicking of little claws making him turn his he's to watch quietly as Remy – a Rat and his friend – appears from out of the shadows then he gets out from his waistcoat the food wrapped up in a handkerchief followed by reaching into a paper bag for the Wine.

Death Stranding Fic: “Death’s Simple Embrace” or “Into the Fray of the Inferno of the Unknown One Has Stumbled Into”

The 12 YEARS BEFORE THE FUTURE HAPPENS

<u>Prologue:</u>

<u>Beginning of Entering the Fray of Battle</u>

Embers from fires burning all around float in the jungle air, while the sky is completely choked out by black thick smoke then slowly rising from the murky waters a figure wearing camouflaged army uniform covered in the thick seeping mud of the bottom of the lake then rising one hand upwards.

A ember flame floating past catches it, lighting the cigarette and the person lowers it back to their fine lips taking a drag from it causing the fiery orange tip to glow amber.

More figures appear behind him and the leader in front rises a hand with the cigarette between his fingers indicating for them to move on. Their ***Prey*** was further ahead and it was time to ***Hunt.***

PART 1:

The Rebirth in the Wastelands of Decadence and Ruin and Remembering a Prey One was Hunting

12 YEARS IN THE FUTURE

Cliff's P.O.V:

I'm neither dead or alive.

My mind feels clearer than it has ever before, while I calmly stand in a wasteland where barren skeletal trees have become like wicked fingers ensnaring you in the grasp and the trench I'm in is filled with black substance which I can feel is sticking to my skin as I breathe softly in and out to calm my pounding heart against my rib-cage .

I can smell burning in the air coming from smoke-piles around. I don't what has happened to me, but....I just feel this sense of calmness that I have never felt and the burning scar on my abdomen. Strangely I remember another place, where it had been night-time in darkened jungle with thick clouds of smoke from the burning fires choking out the night sky and I had been hunting my...***Prey.***

Still remember the screams filling the night-air. Gun-fire echoing in the far distance, a shout at young man who caught my interest as he was told by his Sergeant to get out of the fray of the battle and something within me....primal and savage....like beast that has been caged fighting to get free from the confines of it so it could hunt what was in front of it.

The young man's name comes to me, suddenly the neurons within my brain sparking to connect and fluttering my eyes open smirk as my lips whisper the name....which sounds positively so right on them.

"Kurt Schmid"

Burlesque Hannibal Fic: (Involving You the Reader)

PART 1

Hannibal shows you the most amazing moves of seductive fluidity and sensual burlesque dancing, while his clothes start peeling off to reveal he is wearing a Burlesque dress with beautiful shimmering sequins that jingle each-time with the swaying and movement of his hips as Will who sits next to you dims the lights to erotic mode so he is now illuminated by them.

His hands move upwards writhing into their air moving like snakes writhing as he keeps his eyes closed. Gentle music starts up close by to you, while you see that Will is quietly playing the drums with the band and a saxophone plays a sultry sexy tune.

Drinks are being served in the Underground bar, with ornate Lilly-shaped lamps on scones on the walls and other patrons are watching.

But…you have the front row seat, while Hannibal is becoming more seductive in the dancing with every movement he makes causing gentle sighs to ripple through the Underground bar.

“When Finds Love in the Unexpected Places”

PART 1

It is cool afternoon in the park of Baltimore, Maryland as Will Graham walks his mongrel retriever Winston relaxing after a hard-day’s work of doing Students’ paperwork and giving out homework.

He is so absorbed in his relaxed state, he doesn’t notice Winston has spotted man wearing a fine suit sitting on a bench reading a book and immediately interested pulls Will over to them.

“Hey!!!?”

The person wearing the suit, looks down to soon see a curious Winston with one paw up looking at them and Will feeling so embarrassed decides to apologise. “Gosh, I’m so sorry. I don’t what got into…..him….” finding himself tailing off as he ruffles a hand through his curls then looks down, feeling heat flare in his cheek.

While Hannibal Lecter, finds him blushing as well, while his heart is starting to thud against his ribcage in such a way he hadn’t felt for a long time - it felt like…..*Love.*

PART 2

Hannibal feels nervous - like thousand butterflies are swarming in his stomach - for the first time at the age of 45 years old, while his mind travels back to the 35 year old younger man, who he had seen with the Retriever remembering how his heart-rate had increased and he felt afterwards when they gone their separate ways like a love-struck teenager.

Taking a deep cyclic breath to calm himself - in through the nose and out through the lungs - finally calms himself, while a knock on his office door makes him lift his head up.

Checking his Appointment book, he sees he has appointment with Mr. Will Graham. Getting out of his office seat, he smooths down the suit he is wearing and heads to the door, opening to reveal Will….just Will he thinks now.

“Come in.”

He steps to one side to allow the younger man in and finds himself admiring the younger man’s physique and structure - every part of him - then Will, gives sigh softly.

“I’m not usually sociable with people. Umm…but….” Will begins to say to Hannibal, who slowly watches the young man head towards the ladder which leads up to the Mezzanine library then finds himself slowly stepping closer, each foot-fall coming down silently until he is right in front of Will causing him to arch slightly against the ladder - whether intentionally or unintentionally Hannibal

doesn’t know at the moment - then notices Will is starting to blush. A line of faint redness of his blush blossoming on his skin.

It makes Hannibal, place his hands on Will’s chest as he captures soon plump, un-kissable lips with his own causing Will to give muffled gasp of surprise and shock at it as hands spasms either side of Hannibal.

The sweetness of the younger man’s lips is like the sweetest ambrosia he has ever tasted and now….he wanted more it.

Daddy's Little Puppy

Chapter Summary

This was inspired by late night conservation with APastandFutureNerd last night and this sultry smut of a gem was born. This is dedicated to you, Mon Anime for tempting me in such a wonderful way.

Plot - Hannibal has a Daddy kink basically and Will, well...read and enjoy.

All Will could think about as he sat absolutely bored in Jack's car was...Hannibal. Especially...Hannibal's dick - large, pulsating and felt so good when inside him, while man pounded him into the mattress or even over his desk.

Then a ping on Will's phone, makes him frown wondering who could be messaging him.

Getting it out, he flicks the screenshot up of a naked, debauched Hannibal though Will had cropped it to make sure no-one recognised Dr. Lecter's sexy body.

Will goes to messaging, suddenly seeing a very interesting text from Hannibal. One unexpected from such a stoic man who usually kept-ed anything kinky for the bedroom.

Hannibal: Call me. I want to talk about something

Will sighs softly, wondering how long it will take Jack to get back from the very far away Crime Scene then calls Hannibal.

Either Hannibal as got fast reflexes or had phone close by the man answers straight away.

"Will....Are you...busy?"

Was it to Will's mind or did Hannibal sound a little bit breathless? It made him wonder what had his Lover been doing to make him that way.

"Sort off. Jack locked me in the car and...yeah, fuck..it...Hannibal...I wish I was with you instead"

He hear Hannibal give a small "*Hmm"* followed by strange sound...like...No...Will soon think...Oh, well two can play at that game.

"Is my *Little Pup,* missing *Daddy?"* He whispers, hearing a hitched breathless gasp come from Hannibal, followed a whimper coming from the man. They discussed this kind of link before but never in full had they tried it.

"Yes, *Daddy....Pup*...misses you so much. I wish...you were here to...breed me" Hannibal says to him, followed by Will growling at the fact making another delightful whimper come from his...*Pup*...then taking a deep breath decides to up the ante.

"Touch yourself for me. Voice what I would do if I was there in your office*, Little Pup.*" hearing a clink of belt being unbuckled; zip pulled down and a ping from his phone making him pull it away to see that Hannibal has made it a video link for them both.

Smirking he sees Hannibal is in his office leather chair with legs spread wide, while naked except for...a leather collar - a dog one - around his throat and a hand between them slowly moving up and down an already leaking, throbbing cock with pearls of pre-cum dribbling down the sides of it.

"Now...tell me, *Little Pup."* Will commands, hearing Hannibal start to speak about how Will would force him to suck his cock until tears blinded his eyes and saliva pooled in his mouth; finger him until he was so stretched that when *Daddy* entered him it would overwhelm him as he was mounted from behind to be bred.

So lost in their passion, that it is suddenly a knock on Motel room door that....make Will open his eyes to see he had actually fallen asleep on the sofa of the Motel room he is staying in then swinging his legs off the sofa, gets up and heads to the door.

Opening it, he suddenly sees Dr. Hannibal Lecter standing there holding some food containers and looks at him.

"May I come in, Will?" The man, the same man he just been having a wet-dream about say and finds himself nodding silently then closing the Motel door behind him suddenly stiffens when Hannibal says "So*, Daddy...*would you like me to help you sort that problem down below or will you do it yourself"

Will looks down, noticing a very evident tent in his boxers plus a spreading wet-patch and cursing heavily, heads into the shower to have a very cold one. Leaving Hannibal sitting at the table, smirking as he calmly gets his phone that has a screenshot of Will in Jack's car looking completely debauched and with a very large cock leaking pre-cum. It made *Little Puppy* - Hannibal - wet and throb beyond compare.

“Love Under the Greenwood Tree” A Hannigram/ As You Like It AU

Chapter Summary

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet birds throat
Come hither come hither come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Part 1

Many Summers ago, in a place in Tuscany, Italy called Veracchia - Duke Frederick Chilton’s court were enjoying a day of wrestling where Senor Abel Gideon - never once defeated by any foe who faced the man - was taking all corners of the fighting ring, which had been set up.

Though for Will Graham - Chilton’s nephew - was saddened as his Father - the rightful Duke - had been banished to the forest of Wolf-trap by the leech of man after stealing his crown.

Will did not like fighting or seeing violence to be used as some kind of Blood-spot between men then finally a cry comes up from the crowd as Abel Gideon, who has won the fight goes around the ring waiting for someone to say they will fight him.

“COME ON. WHO WILL FIGHT ME NEXT.”

It is the reply of strange foreign voice that perks Will’s interests. revealing when he goes to look - a man with silvery-blonde ashen-ed hair “*I will fight you.”* then enters the ring, slipping of the dark-blue tunic to reveal a ruffled lace one underneath.

Maroon eyes flick over to Will, causing him to blush heavily and turn his face slightly. Still watching the strange man, who has appeared from nowhere it seems.

The *Silver-fox* begins to fight, encircling Gideon like one would do their prey when hunting it and soon it is the larger man who makes the first move slamming into the stranger who grabs hold of him, twisting effectively out of his grip to slam their knee upwards into the Brute’s jaw causing Gideon to stumble backwards shaking his head from side to side like a dog trying to get rid of fleas.

Then snarling grabs hold of the stranger, while Will watches the *Silver-fox* soon to the disbelief of Gideon’s supporters as the stranger manages to defeat the large man by knocking the brute of man out flat.

"Give Dad a Moment"

Chapter Summary

No comment from writer about this. Enjoy!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal breathes in and out calmly, while preparing tonight's meal for himself and Will

It been a particularly chatty lamb, he was using tonight. Hunting them had been interesting in the forest near Will's own home.

After effectively gutting them and obtaining the right ingredients he needed for the dish, he remembers he decided to check on Will.

The young man had been asleep at the time or so he thought when he stepped into the house quietly telling Will's Pack - the dogs - to head to their beds which they had done. Leaving him alone with Will to watch silently what had happened next.

It been unexpected and usually Hannibal didn't resort to voyeurism but when Will starting making breathless moans and a soft whisper of "Hannibal....*Daddy!!...*" It had caused liquid heat to shoot to his groin area like wildfire.

He remembers gulping down saliva that built up and yet, when more breathless moans; pants and gasps followed by the duvet slipping down to reveal a very erect leaking cock with pearls of pre-cum forming at the tip. At the time Hannibal had wanted to taste his Darling Boy.

Hear him moan "*Daddy"* over again and again until Hannibal had wrung out an orgasm from him.

Why hadn't he? Hannibal coming out of the memory of it, heads through to the dining room where Will is looking at the picture of Leda and the Swan above the mantelpiece - though if one were to look more closely you would see Hannibal had changed Leda into the form of Will Graham - then places the meal down on the table.

His Darling Boy, looks so beautiful in warm, orange light of the fire in the hearth and before he even is thinking what I'm doing Hannibal is behind the young man with his arms wrapped Will's waist.

Bending down his head to the crook of Will's neck, he inhales deeply the scent of fresh lemongrass and mint shampoo the young man had used then bringing out his tongue from moist, wet lips licks it upwards hearing his Darling Boy give a breathless moan.

"Daddy!!!"

As soon as Hannibal hears that word from Will's mouth, he finds himself snarling heavily and whirling the young man around pins him to the dining room polished oak table then places a hand on his Darling Boy's back, feeling some of his strands of his blondish hair with hints of silver in it fall in front of his eyes.

"You have no idea what that makes me feel when you say that to me, my Darling Boy. " He pants out, while the young man looks over his shoulder to look at him with this sea blueish green eyes - that he swears can see deep into his soul.

"Daddy....I want you...Please?" Will begs him, pushing his beautiful ass into Hannibal's groin and start to rub against it making him quickly grip this Darling Boy's hips with both hands.

"First....*Daddy*...wants you to eat dinner he has prepared us both. Will you do that for, *Daddy*...my *Darling Boy*?" Hannibal says, voice coming out husky with ever growing arousal because of this tempting morsel in front of him begging to be ravaged in pleasure by him.

Even the thought of ravaging Will that make his cock in his suit trousers twitch heavily, followed by pearl of pre-cum forming heavily. By this rate, he would be so aroused he would maybe have to abandon the dinner and take his *Darling Boy* upstairs before he ravaged him on the perfect oak table.

It is the front doorbell that makes them both stiffen, while Hannibal goes to continue what he really wants to do when it rings again this time more incessantly making him swear "*Nersia velnio, whoever they are.*" under his breath then standing up straight, places his lips against Will's ear.

"Give *Dad* a moment."

Hearing the hitched gasp coming from Will, while sea bluish-green eyes widen and heads to the front door leaving Will in the sitting still shaking and utterly aroused.

Chapter End Notes

Nersia velnio - Lithuanian for Spawn of the Devil.

"Journey of a Lifetime" - PART 1

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Vintagefloof and inspired by this video:

"Imagine Will and Winston zipping around on Hannibal's motorcycle like this"

Here is the video link. Highly recommend also subscribing to The Dodo Channel has it has wonderful videos filled with heartwarming and tender stories of animals of all sorts.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tapZWekS1o8&list=PLLoPYaJqlcK6oI7YWTTQkN6m8bzCEBr8Z&index=30

Chapter Notes

More parts will be coming soon.

PROLOGUE

It was ordinary day in Wolf-trap, Virginia as Will placed the helmet on Winston's head along with protective goggles and looks at the motorbike Hannibal had supposedly gifted him after being arrested.

So Will had decided to get away from the man that he would go on trip to all 50 states until finally returning or maybe stopping to visit his Great Aunt in Portland, Oregon and stay there with Winston and the other dogs.

Thankfully he managed to upgrade the motorbike to have large side-carriage on both sides for the other dogs, but Winston - who had become Pack Alpha - was allowed to ride with him on the back seat on the main motorbike.

Hannibal would be mortified of course when he would find out what had happened to his Beloved motorbike but Will thought it was nice revenge for what the man had done to him.

"Dancing Under the Stars with the One that We Love" - PART 1

Chapter Summary

Prompt by apastandfuturenerd:
"Nigel and Adam are dancing to Starlight by Muse as it was the song playing when they first met in a cafe where Nigel works. Nigel holding Adam tightly in his arms while they dance to the music in their flat, the music playing way too loud but they don't care.

I think the song would be even more fitting due to Adam's passion for astronomy.

Anyway, they dance slowly, they're glad they have each other and Nigel presses soft kisses on Adam's curls. Nigel has to suppress some tears due to thinking he cannot show his tears to Adam.

Adam tells him it's okay to cry although he doesn't understand why he's crying. After the dance they make some popcorn and watch the starry sky outside together, lying on a blanket or Adam letting Nigel look through his telescope ❤️❤️ Then they lay down and cuddle and have slow, tender sex in bed."

Chapter Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pgum6OT_VH8

Link to Starlight by Muse.

PROLOGUE

Music is softly playing in the background of their shared flat above his place of work called " *The Bleu Hummingbird Cafe"* – that also raised Charity for saving endangered species trafficked to become Exotic pets or other stuff, while raising awareness of Hummingbirds as well – as he gently holds Adam – the young man who had walked into his life when he been working in the Cafe one day and immediately they had slowly hit off, talking slowly until finally Adam told him he had Autism and sometimes didn't understand things.

Both of them are dancing *to Starlight on Muse,* just enjoying it along with Nigel kissing each-time Adam's soft delicate curls and trying to suppress tears because he thinks he doesn't want his young lover so full with life, strange energy and passion for Space and time – many of the bookshelves in Nigel's flat were filled books on subject even some by Professor Stephen Hawking – the Astronomer - and many other famous ones – to see his tears.

"Nigel…. it's okay to cry. Even if I don't understand why your crying, you can cry." Adam says, surprising him and pulls back slightly but stills holds his young lover in his arms though continuing

to dance.

Pulling back close again, they continue to dance until the music finishes and Adam decides to make some popcorn to eat as they calmly watch the night-sky outside on the stone courtyard balcony and standing by the kitchen doorway leaning against the frame watches the young man busy make the popcorn.

After it is ready and done, both of them head out onto the stone courtyard balcony that has a sitting area with chairs and table for when they want to enjoy eating outdoors, potted plants filled with favourite plants and little statues of the Chinese waving cat neatly rowed up close on wee alcove in the stone wall.

Setting the blanket out and sorting it, so it had no creases Nigel waits for Adam to collect his telescope where he kept-ed it in their bedroom and finds himself admiring above the multitude of stars that have formed in the ink black sky along with some looking like path heading towards somewhere.

“Nigel…” He hears Adam calling making him turn to see Adam, smiling softly with that adorable smile of his on his face and in his arms carrying the telescope they would use to look at the stars tonight.

“Do you want some help, *Little Star?”* He asks, making Adam shake his head indicating he was alright and coming over sets it up, while Nigel places the Popcorn bowl close by for easy reach.

Now with the telescope placed on the blanket and set up, Nigel sits watching Adam adjust the settings of when one looked through the night-sky wouldn't be blurred and find himself softly smiling at it.

When had first met Adam, he can admit he been bit hot-headed when they starting Dating and it was only when near death experience nearly ruined both their lives that Nigel, decided he was going to change everything he had ever done,

He helped raise Charity for animals and Hummingbirds, who were losing their Habitat in rain-forests and yet was to tell Adam that at the Rescue Centre there were two puppies that he had decided to adopt - a small chow and a cocker spaniel Labrador, who been found in bag padlocked with chain attached to a bridge, well nailed in and during the time when heavy floods had hit where him and Adam lived.

Tomorrow he would take Adam to see them and introduce them to his young Lover, while a hand cupping his cheek makes him come out of his thoughts followed by feeling a thumb gently over his bottom lip - making it quiver under the touch.

He knew Adam always did this as strange comfort thing, conveying he was concerned about Nigel.

Bringing his hand up, he cups the hand against his cheek to nuzzle Adam's soft hand until finally his young Lover sees he is alright and only thinking about something.

"Would you like to look?" Adam asks, indicating through telescope and pulls him close until finally he is close to the telescope.

Time gently passes by with them looking at the night-sky, Adam explaining the stars that Nigel points out and gives information on them until finally relaxed from Stargazing they head inside

after clearing everything up.

In their shared bedroom, clothes lying scattered about on the floor in their haste, Nigel arches his back slightly under the duvet cover that has slipped down to his waist when Adam below him drags a hand gripping his shoulder down it – soft breathless moans, gasps and pants coming from both of them.

He keeps on undulating his hips back and forth, watching every expression his young lover makes at the sametime he finds himself panting heavily with each thrust he gives within and bending his head down kisses Adam on the lips whispering soothing words under his breath each-time.

Soon he begins to grunt with the effort, lifting his young lover up into his lap and lifting Adam up and down each-time making the young man moan softly in the silence of their bedroom until finally he is pushed back to lay flat on his back as a hand comes up to stroke strands of hair from his forehead.

“It’s alright…. I have you, Nigel. I have you….”

“Adam….my Little Star……I love you so much.”

“I love you too. Always and forever.”

"His Sleepy Puppy"

Chapter Summary

First bit is courtesy of "apastandfuturenerd" here on Ao3.

Will is resting on the couch, still fully dressed and wearing his jacket. He's exhausted from another day of chasing killers. Hannibal comes home, discovers him there. He smiles and strokes his stubbled cheek lightly, then covers him with a blanket and kisses his forehead.

Making sure the blanket doesn't slip off him, Hannibal pulls back to stand up straight feeling his own weary body protest slightly and remind him that a hot bath is in order to help to relieve the tension he is feeling.

Walking over he begins to pick up the leather brown satchel from the floor, which has class notes slipping out of it along with a Crime Scene folder on the Crime Scene that Will has been investigating then stills when he feels a gaze on his back, followed by standing up to place the satchel on the coffee table so it is close by for Will to pick up.

"Sleep, Will.....you had a busy day and need just a period of relaxation away from what Jack Crawford makes you do." Hannibal tells him, followed by unbuttoning his jacket to place over his arm and looks one more time to Will, having fallen back asleep on the couch.

A smile raises on his lips, followed by appreciating the sight of it and wonders what it would be like if it become permanent with Will being in his house - waking up in the morning beside him in his own bed, taking all of Will's seven dogs for walks in the forests surrounding Will's home in Wolf-trap and for the holidays spending time at Will's home.

It may not happen, but Hannibal always had his *Mind Palace* where he could form certain rooms dedicated to Will who had interested him from the beginning when they had first met in Jack Crawford's office and heading out of the sitting room stops just at the doorway to look back one last time at the man sleeping on his couch.

His....Sleepy....Puppy.

LE FIN FOR NOW

"Always There for You" - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Inspired by image of Mads (see below) and one of Hugh Dancy (see below)
- Emotional Angst Alert
- Emotional Hannibal
- Comforting Will

Sitting in a seat close to the Changing Rooms, Hannibal Lecter in simple casual wear - black shirt, trousers and well-polished shoes - waits calmly for his *Myilamis,* to appear while checking his phone for messages from Chiyoh who is busy getting ready their new Safehouse close to coast, with it's own private jetty for yacht and cliff steps leading up to it.

The Safehouse was a beautiful cottage. It had a garden that sloped downwards to the beach, while sea plants grew in the borders which over dedication and time now looked much better than they had in the former state - the borders a mess of design, plants left to desiccate or die and signs of such heavy neglect it pained Hannibal to see it.

Interior of the house had been painted soft soothing colours: hints of soft eggshell blue and white; sunrise colours for one room and earthy tones representing a forest environment for the study which had large window overlooking the ocean.

In the study as well was a large table for Will's fly-fishing gear, so he could sit and work away before heading up the stream to the fishing spot where sometimes Hannibal would join him with Winston, Buster and little rescue puppy called Mileo - who had been the runt of litter of puppies - and would sketch away quietly, while the dogs would either explore, play or lay next to him.

Wondering what is taking Will so long, he places the phone away and getting up heads to the changing room where reaching the cubicle he is in, goes to pull back the curtain when Will who is coming out does it for him.

Revealing what his husband-to-be has chosen to wear.

Stepping backwards to allow Will to lean slightly against on table close to the cubicle, Hannibal finds himself appreciating the soft brown woollen coat with it's high collar; the tie which Will has chosen to go with the shirt and soft-fitting trousers which are not too tight or too loose to wear.

"Well...umm...do you like it?" Will asks him, rising an eyebrow due to how Hannibal is acting in front of him - a fine blush on his fine cheekbones, his beautiful eyes shining softly and lips quivering to say words which don't see to be coming out, while hands shake slightly to hold him.

Un-leaning from the table, he walks up to the man, after they fallen off the cliff and through a painful trial of recovering and recuperating from their injuries had became his lover until Will woke up one morning seeing Hannibal standing at end of the bed, holding a small velvet box in his hand and that was when he realised the other man loved him so much he wanted to be with him for the rest of their lives.

"*Myilamis, I....*" Hannibal begins to say, only for Will to bring a finger up to his husband-to-be's lips shushing him softly soon leaning close to press their lips together into a gentle chaste kiss, before pulling back to smile at him.

"*Shh.*...I know...Hannibal....I love you too, my *Husband-to-be*." Will admits, seeing how Hannibal's eyes widen with emotion, a hitched gasp coming from the other man - who previously had hidden his emotions from anyone behind his '*person suit*' - and hands immediately embracing him in a desperate way.

Like Hannibal was afraid to let him go, after everything they had gone through - the culmination of events which had led up to confronting *The Great Red Dragon; Muskrat Farm* and so many other

things which both of them wished to forget, but knew they couldn't because of the scars they been left physically and mentally.

Bringing his own arms up, Will embraces back resting the side of his cheek on Hannibal's chest listening to steady beat of the heart residing in the other man's chest, while both of them stand in the changing room allowing briefly time to be their own wee world where no-one can disturb them.

"Scent of an Alpha" - PART 1

Chapter Summary

- Inspired by a drawing post by the artist Zillabean
- 1 of ? undecided parts

The thick miasma of *Alpha pheromones* wafts through the air, wrapping around Will, when he steps into the Underground Black Market which was also dealing in *Alpha Slave Trade* to use the *Alpha's* captured for breeding purposes or fighting to sake the Bloodlust of some patrons, like snakes slithering across each-other forcing him to bring the special breathing mask to his face, which also kepted his identity.

It was the rule of the *Market,* any face reveal and you were dead meat and thrown into the fighting ring to be savagely torn to pieces or even forcibly bred if you were *Un-mated Omega.*

It had been Jack's decision to make Will as a potential wealthy patron wishing to purchase his time with the *Cream of the Crop* - the *Alpha's* that the low level *Patrons* couldn't afford to see in a fight or even afford to have the own *Omega pets* - easily recognisable by the bronze chokers on their throats which if they tried to get off gave either a nasty shock or lethal injection to make them docile depending on the type of *wealthy Owner* - where it had managed to work, thanks to creating a fake profile using the name John Zabel, described in the profile to convince who hosted the *Underground Black Market* he was a rich businessman, who was looking for a strong Alpha to breed his fine stock of *Omega fillies* has he called his *Omega pets* he brought over time.

This has managed to convince the main *Host* of it to give him access to what they considered the ring's best stock, some of them identified by the golden chokers to indicate their *Alpha status* and notches carved into them to indicate how many fights the said Alpha had been in, though most of them as Will walks down the aisle with Gladiator-like pens either side of him with Alpha's prowling back and forth snarling at any potential buyer who tries to reach through the bars to touch them, other's scenting the air and obscenely grinding themselves against the bars because of the scent of the *Omega Pet pheromones* which filter from above his head as other patrons walk across the bridges to head to different areas of the *Underground Black Market,* where also other stuff was sold.

Most of them Will notices to not have that many which impress him enough to step closer to their cell and check how much they were selling for, so goes to head back down the corridor when a strong, unlikely *Alpha scent* slinks it way through the miasma of thick *Alpha pheromones* to immediately wrap around him in such a way it douses him in a thick clogging blackness he finds himself to his horror and shock starting to produce slick, a *Omega* whimper almost rising in his throat and his *Un-marked Crest* on the nape of his neck, can feel the fronds starting to pulsate aching to be heavily bitten by the fangs of *Alpha* - the *Alpha* who's scent which has just wrapped around him in such a way he needs to find out who is creating it.

Turning he begins to walk further down the corridor the ranks of people passing becoming thinner and thinner as he continues to track the scent to it's main source, where above the lightening of the overhead long swinging lamps starts to become dimmer - flickering occasionally indicating the electricity for the *Underground Black Market* was not routed down into this part of where they kepted the *'Cream of their Crop'* as much as it was back the way Will had just come down.

The scent seems to weave it's way to flight of metal steps, with only one flickering light illuminating the way down at the top and no more. Willing his heart to stop thudding against his rib-cage, Will looks around just in case their was any signs of Underground Black Market security equilivant or a camera watching - seeing none so far - then begins to descend downwards, using his Omega vision - an ability which allowed him to track any signature footprints or scent in a hue of colours - to follow the scent, which starting to become more stronger with each step he takes.

Why would the Host of the Underground Black Market being hiding one of the ring's best stock down in what was almost the equilivant of a dungeon or basement.

Was there something wrong with the 'stock'?

Had it done something which meant it was dangerous to the others?

Will didn't know the answers to those questions which are swirling in his head, at the sametime slick is steadily trickling down the inside of thigh he knows after finishing this recon he is staying at home with his dogs, wrapped in his own *Nest* and switch his phone off so he gets no disturbance from anyone including Jack Crawford.

Reaching the bottom of the long flight of stairs, he finds himself in large area where it looks like it is mostly for storage with boxes piled here and there and yet, there seems to something humanoid shaped hidden in the shadows which makes him walk closer feeling on the wall for any sign of a light-switch, which he finds just as he reaches a squared area.

Flicking it on, he yelps heavily in the mask when sparks fly from one of the light bulbs in the lamp above the humanoid shape and another one dimly flickers to life to reveal what is in the area.

Chained up by multiple chains attached to the cieling, floor and walls, a special type of silver choker - not gold - but with so many notches it is difficult to count the number of them is an *Alpha,* who softly rises their head piercing him with amber-maroon gaze and golden rings around them indicating a *High-status Alpha* who probably even out-ranked the Alpha's upstairs.

The scent which Will had smelled is stronger than other, that Will is in front of the strange, mysterious chained Alpha before even he has decided whether or not it is good idea finding himself leaning up to their neck - hearing a growl, not one of anger one of appreciation at his boldness come from them - to inhale the scent from their *Scent Gland,* whimpering before he can even stop himself - even though it is muffled by the special breathing mask - making amber-maroon eyes turn slitted, a rumbling purr coming from the *Alpha* that he can't help answer back.

"Little Omega....." the *Alpha* purrs, forcing him to look for a name tag - needing to know who the *Alpha* is, where they came from and how much would cost him to buy so he get them out of this

place and the chains which held them. "....are you complementing how you might free me? Are you sure that is wise, when you are deliciously oozing that slick of yours." they continue.

Forcing Will to realise he is in dangerous situation - the *Alpha* was an *Un-mated* one, highly dangerous and worth a lot of money in the fighting ring or even for Studding opportunities - and it seems at the most inconvenient moment he is going into a unexpected *Heat.*

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